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POEMS,

CONSISTING CHIEFLY

OF

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

ASIATICK LANGUAGES.

46603

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

TWO ESSAYS;

I. On the Poetry of the Eaſtern Nations.
II. On the Arts, commonly called Imitative.

> ——— *Juvat integros accedere fontes,*
> *Atque haurire, juvatque novos decerpere flores.* Lucr.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESS SPENCER,

THESE EASTERN PIECES,

AND, PARTICULARLY,

THE POEM OF

SOLIMA,

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED

AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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ESSAYS.

On the Poetry of the *Eaſtern* Nations. 163.
On the *Arts*, commonly called *Imitative*. 191.

THE

PREFACE.

THE Reader will probably expect, that, before I preſent him with the following miſcellany, I ſhould give ſome account of the pieces contained in it, and ſhould prove the authenticity of thoſe *Aſiatick* originals, from which I profeſs to have tranſlated them. Indeed, ſo many productions, invented in *France*, have been offered to the publick as genuine tranſlations from the languages of *Aſia*, that I ſhould have wiſhed, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to clear my profession from the highest species of composition, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] took in the profession; [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to preserve the original [illegible] [illegible] it would be impossible to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] they were [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] language of Scotland. I [illegible], [illegible] in this work [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible].

The first poem in this collection, called [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the ports of [illegible] [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible] lives of their [illegible] [illegible] and hospitality, which they [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] virtues. I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] will likely [illegible] [illegible] our memory, and [illegible] them in such a manner as to form one continued piece, which I [illegible] to be written [illegible] of an [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], who [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with pleaſant gardens for the refreſhment of travellers and pilgrims; an act of munificence not uncommon in *Aſia.* I ſhall trouble the reader with only one of the original paſſages, from which he may form a tolerable judgement of the reſt:

Kad alama e'ddhaiſo wa'l mojtedino
Idha aghbara ofkon wahabbat ſhemalan,
Wakhbalat an auladiha elmordhiato,
Wa lam tar ainon lemoznin belalan,
Beenca conto 'errabîo el moghitho
Leman yâtarica, waconto themalan,
Waconto' nehara behi ſhemſoho,
Waconto dagiyyi' lleili fihi helalan.

that is; * *the ſtranger and the pilgrim well know, when the ſky is dark, and the north-wind rages, when the mothers leave their ſucking infants, when no moiſture can be ſeen in the clouds, that thou art bountiful to them as the ſpring, that thou art their chief ſupport, that thou art a ſun to them by day, and a moon in the cloudy night.*

---

* See this paſſage verſified, *Solima*, line 71. &c.

The hint of the next poem, or *The Palace of Fortune*, was taken from an *Indian* tale, tranſlated a few years ago from the *Perſian* by a very ingenious gentleman in the ſervice of the *India-company*; but I have added ſeveral deſcriptions, and epiſodes from other *Eaſtern* writers, have given a different moral to the whole piece, and have made ſome other alterations in it, which may be ſeen by any one, who will take the pains to compare it with the ſtory of *Roſhana*, in the ſecond volume of the tales of *Inatulla*.

I have taken a ſtill greater liberty with the moral allegory, which, in imitation of the *Perſian* poet *Nezâmi*, I have entitled *The Seven Fountains*; the general ſubject of it was borrowed from a ſtory in a collection of tales by *Ebn Arabſhah*, a native of *Damaſcus*, who flouriſhed in the fifteenth century, and wrote ſeveral other works in a very poliſhed ſtyle, the moſt celebrated of which is *An hiſtory of the life of Tamerlane*: but I have ingrafted upon the principal allegory an epiſode from the Arabian tales of * *a thouſand and one nights*, a copy of which work in *Arabick* was procured for me by a learned friend at *Aleppo*.

The ſong, which follows, was firſt printed the end of a *Perſian* grammar; but, for the ſatiſfaction of thoſe who may have any doubt of its being genuine, it ſeemed proper to ſet down the original of it in *Roman* characters at the bottom of the page. The ode of *Petrarch* was added, that the reader might compare the manner of the *Aſiatick* poets with that of the *Italians*, many of om have written in the true ſpirit of the *ſterns*: ſome of the *Perſian* ſongs have a ſtrik- reſemblance to the ſonnets of *Petrarch*; and even the form of thoſe little amatory poems was, I believe, brought into *Europe* by the *Arabians*: one would almoſt imagine the following lines to be tranſlated from the *Perſian*,

---

* See the ſtory of Prince *Agib*, or the *third Calandar* in the *Arabian tales*, Night 57. &c.

Aura, che quelle chiome bionde e creſpe
Circondi, e movi, e ſe' moſſa da loro
Soavemente, e ſpargi quel dolce oro,
E poi 'l raccogli, e'n bei nodi l'increſpe.

[illegible]e there is ſcarce a page in the works of *Hafez* and *Jami*, in which the ſame image, of *the breeze playing with the treſſes of a beautiful girl*, is not agreeably and variouſly expreſſed.

The elegy on the death of *Laura* was inſerted with the ſame view of forming a compariſon between the *Oriental* and the *Italian* poetry: the deſcription of the fountain of *Valchiu* or *Vallis Clauſa*, which was cloſe to *Petrarc* houſe, was added to the elegy in the ye 1769, and was compoſed on the very ſpot, which I could not forbear viſiting, when I paſſed by *Avignon.*

The *Turkiſh* Ode on the Spring was ſelected from many others in the ſame language, writ-

ter

ten by *Meſihi*, a poet of great repute at *Conſtantinople*, who lived in the reign of *Soliman the Second*, or *the Lawgiver*: it is not unlike the *Vigil of Venus*, which has been aſcribed to *Catullus*; the meaſure of it is nearly the ſame with that of the *Latin* poem; and it has, like that, a lively burden at the end of every ſtanza: the works of *Meſihi* are preſerved in the archives of the *Royal Society*.

It will be needleſs, I hope, to apologize for the *ſtoral*, and the poem upon *Cheſs*, which were ne as early as at the age of ſixteen or ſeventeen ars, and were ſaved from the fire, in preference a great many others, becauſe they ſeemed more rectly verſified than the reſt.

It muſt not be ſuppoſed, from my zeal for the iterature of *Aſia*, that I mean to place it in competition with the beautiful productions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*; for I am convinced, that, whatever changes we make in our opinions, we always return to the writings of the ancients, as to the ſtandard of true taſte.

If the novelty of the following poems ſhould recommend them to the favour of the reader, it may, probably, be agreeable to him to know, that there are many others of equal or ſuperior merit, which have never appeared in any language of *Europe*; and I am perſuaded that a writer, acquainted with the originals, might imitate them very happily in his native tongue, and that the publick would not be diſpleaſed to ſee the nuine compoſitions of *Arabia* and *Perſia* in *Engliſh* dreſs. The heroick poem of *Ferduſi* mi be verſified as eaſily as the *Iliad*, and I ſee no r ſon why *the delivery of Perſia by Cyrus* ſhould be a ſubject as intereſting to us, as *the ange* *Achilles*, or *the wandering of Ulyſſes*. The Odes *Hafez*, and of *Meſihi*, would ſuit our lyrick mea ſures as well as thoſe aſcribed to *Anacreon*; an the ſeven *Arabick* elegies, that were hung up i the temple of *Mecca*, and of which there are ſeve

ra

ral fine copies at *Oxford*, would, no doubt, be highly acceptable to the lovers of antiquity, and the admirers of native genius: but when I propoſe a tranſlation of theſe *Oriental* pieces, as a work likely to meet with ſucceſs, I only mean to invite my readers, who have leiſure and induſtry, to the ſtudy of the languages, in which they are written, and am very far from inſinuating that I have the remoteſt deſign of performing any part of the taſk myſelf; for, to ſay the truth, I ſhould not have ſuffered even the following trifles to ſee e light, if I were not very deſirous of recom- ending to the learned world a ſpecies of litera- re, which abounds with ſo many new expreſſions, ew images, and new inventions.

* * *

SOLIMA,

N ARABIAN ECLOGUE.

Written in the Year 1768.

YE maids of Aden, hear a loftier tale
Than e'er was ſung in meadow, bower, or dale.
The ſmiles of Abelah, and Maia's eyes,
Where beauty plays, and love in ſlumber lies;
The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,
That wanton with the laughing ſummer-air;
ove-tinctur'd cheeks, whence roſes ſeek their bloom,
And lips, from which the Zephyr ſteals perfume;
nvite no more the wild, unpoliſh'd lay,
But fly like dreams before the morning ray.

Then farewel, love! and farewel, youthful fires!
A nobler warmth my kindled breaſt inſpires;
Far bolder notes the liſtening wood ſhall fill:
Flow ſmooth, ye rivulets; and, ye gales, be ſtill.

See yon fair groves that o'er Amana riſe,
And with their ſpicy breath embalm the ſkies;
Where every breeze ſheds incenſe o'er the vales,
And every ſhrub the ſcent of muſk exhales!
See through yon opening glade a glittering ſcene,
Lawns ever gay, and meadows ever green!
* Then aſk the groves, and aſk the vocal bowers,
Who deck'd their ſpiry tops with blooming flowers,
Taught the blue ſtream o'er ſandy vales to flow,
And the brown wild with livelieſt hues to glow?
* Fair Solima! the hills and dales will ſing;
Fair Solima! the diſtant echoes ring.
But not with idle ſhows of vain delight,
To charm the ſoul, or to beguile the ſight;
At noon on banks of pleaſure to repoſe,
Where bloom intwin'd the lily, pink, and roſe;

---

* It was not eaſy in this part of the tranſlation to avoid a t
ſimilar to that of Pope in the known deſcription of the Man
Roſs.

Not in proud piles to heap the [illegible] feaſt,
Till morn with pearls has deck'd the glowing eaſt;—
Ah! not for this ſhe taught thoſe bowers to riſe,
And bade all Eden ſpring before our eyes.
Far other thoughts her heavenly mind employ,
(Hence, empty pride! and hence, deluſive joy!)
To cheer with ſweet repaſt the fainting gueſt;
To lull the weary on the couch of reſt;
To warm the traveller numb'd with winter's cold;
The young to cheriſh, to ſupport the old;
The ſad to comfort, and the weak protect;
[illegible] poor to ſhelter, and the loſt direct:—
Theſe are her cares, and this her glorious taſk;
Can heaven a nobler give, or mortals aſk?

Come to theſe groves, and theſe life-breathing glades,
Ye friendleſs orphans, and ye dowerleſs maids!
With eager haſte your mournful manſions leave,
Ye weak, that tremble; and, ye ſick, that grieve;
Here ſhall ſoft tents, o'er flowery lawns diſplay'd,
At night defend you, and at noon o'erſhade;
Here roſy health the ſweets of life will ſhower,
And new delights beguile each varied hour.

Mourns there a widow, bath'd in ſtreaming tears?
Stoops there a ſire beneath the weight of years?
Weeps there a maid, in pining ſadneſs left,
Of tender parents, and of hope, bereft?
To Solima their *ſorrows* they bewail;
To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.
She hears; and, radiant as the ſtar of day,
Through the thick foreſt gains her eaſy way:
She aſks what cares the joyleſs train oppreſs,
What ſickneſs waſtes them, or what wants diſtreſs;
And, as they mourn, ſhe ſteals a tender ſigh,
Whilſt all her ſoul ſits melting in her eye:
Then with a ſmile the healing balm beſtows,
And ſheds a tear of pity o'er their woes,
Which, as it drops, ſome ſoft-eyed angel bears
Transform'd to pearl, and in his boſom wears.

When, chill'd with fear, the trembling pilgrim ro
Through pathleſs deſerts, and through tangled groves,
Where mantling darkneſs ſpreads her dragon wing,
And birds of death their fatal dirges ſing,
While vapours pale a dreadful glimmering caſt,
And thrilling horrour howls in every blaſt;

She cheers his gloom with ſtreams of burſting light,
By day a ſun, a beaming moon by night;
Darts through the quivering ſhades her heavenly ray,
And ſpreads with riſing flowers his ſolitary way.

Ye heavens, for this in ſhowers of ſweetneſs ſhed
Your mildeſt influence o'er her favour'd head!
Long may her name, which diſtant climes ſhall praiſe,
Live in our notes, and bloſſom in our lays!
And, like an odorous plant, whoſe bluſhing flower
Paints every dale, and ſweetens every bower,
orne to the ſkies in clouds of ſoft perfume
or ever flouriſh, and for ever bloom!
heſe grateful ſongs, ye maids and youths, renew,
While freſh-blown violets drink the pearly dew;
O'er Azib's banks while love-lorn damſels rove,
And gales of fragrance breathe from Hager's grove.

So ſung the youth, whoſe ſweetly-warbled ſtrains
Fair Mena heard, and Saba's ſpicy plains.
Sooth'd with his lay, the raviſh'd air was calm,
The winds ſcarce whiſper'd o'er the waving palm;
The camels bounded o'er the flowery lawn,
Like the ſwift oſtrich, or the ſportful fawn;

Their ſilken bands the liſtening roſe-buds rent,
And twin'd their bloſſoms round his vocal tent:
He ſung, till on the bank the moonlight ſlept,
And cloſing flowers beneath the night-dew wept;
Then ceas'd, and ſlumber'd in the lap of reſt
'Till the ſhrill lark had left his low-built neſt.
Now haſtes the ſwain to tune his rapturous tales
In other meadows, and in other vales.

THE

PALACE OF FORTUNE,

AN INDIAN TALE.

Written in the Year 1769.

MILD was the vernal gale, and calm the day,
When Mäia near a cryſtal fountain lay,
Young Maia, faireſt of the blue-eyed maids,
That rov'd at noon in Tibet's muſky ſhades;
But, haply, wandering through the fields of air,
Some fiend had whiſper'd—Maia, thou art fair!
Hence ſwelling pride had fill'd her ſimple breaſt,
And riſing paſſions robb'd her mind of reſt;

In courts and glittering towers ſhe wiſh'd to dwell,
And ſcorn'd her labouring parent's lowly cell.
And now, as gazing o'er the glaſſy ſtream,
She ſaw her blooming cheek's reflected beam,
Her treſſes brighter than the morning ſky,
And the mild radiance of her ſparkling eye,
Low ſighs and trickling tears by turns ſhe ſtole,
And thus diſcharg'd the anguiſh of her ſoul:
“ Why glow thoſe cheeks, if unadmir'd they glow?
“ Why flow thoſe treſſes, if unprais'd they flow?
“ Why dart thoſe eyes their liquid ray ſerene,
“ Unfelt their influence, and their light unſeen?
“ Ye heavens! was that love-breathing boſom made
“ To warm dull groves, and cheer the lonely glade?
“ Ah, no: thoſe bluſhes, that enchanting face,
“ Some tap'ſtried hall, or gilded bower, might grace
“ Might deck the ſcenes, where love and pleaſure rei
“ And fire with amorous flames the youthful train.

While thus ſhe ſpoke, a ſudden blaze of light
Shot through the clouds, and ſtruck her dazzled ſig
She rais'd her head, aſtoniſh'd, to the ſkies,
And veil'd with trembling hands her aching eyes;

Wh

When through the yielding air ſhe ſaw from far
A goddeſs gliding in a golden car,
That ſoon deſcended on the flowery lawn,
By two fair yokes of ſtarry peacocks drawn:
A thouſand nymphs with many a ſprightly glance
Form'd round the radiant wheels an airy dance,
Celeſtial ſhapes! in fluid light array'd;
Like twinkling ſtars their beamy ſandals play'd;
Their lucid mantles glitter'd in the ſun,
(Webs half ſo bright the ſilkworm never ſpun)
Tranſparent robes, that bore the rainbow's hue,
And finer than the nets of pearly dew
hat morning ſpreads o'er every opening flower,
Vhen ſportive ſummer decks his bridal bower.

The queen herſelf, too fair for mortal ſight,
t in the centre of encircling light.
oon with ſoft touch ſhe rais'd the trembling maid,
nd by her ſide in ſilent ſlumber laid:
traight the gay birds diſplay'd their ſpangled train,
nd flew refulgent through th' aerial plain;
he fairy band their ſhining pinions ſpread,
nd, as they roſe, freſh gales of ſweetneſs ſhed;

Fann'd with their flowing ſkirts, the ſky was mild;
And heaven's blue fields with brighter radiance ſmil'd.

Now in a garden deck'd with verdant bowers
The glittering car deſcends on bending flowers:
The goddeſs ſtill with looks divinely fair
Surveys the ſleeping object of her care;
Then o'er her cheek her magick finger lays,
Soft as the gale that o'er a violet plays,
And thus in ſounds, that favour'd mortals hear,
She gently whiſpers in her raviſh'd ear:

“ Awake, ſweet maid, and view this charming ſcen
“ For ever beauteous, and for ever green;
“ Here living rills of pureſt nectar flow
“ O'er meads that with unfading flowerets glow;
“ Here amorous gales their ſcented wings diſplay,
“ Mov'd by the breath of ever-blooming May;
“ Here in the lap of pleaſure ſhalt thou reſt,
“ Our lov'd companion, and our honour'd gueſt.”

The damſel hears the heavenly notes diſtil,
Like melting ſnow, or like a vernal rill.

She lifts her head, and, on her arm reclin'd,
Drinks the ſweet accents in her grateful mind:
On all around ſhe turns her roving eyes,
And views the ſplendid ſcene with glad ſurprize;
Freſh lawns, and ſunny banks, and roſeate bowers,
Hills white with flocks, and meadows gemm'd with flowers;
Cool ſhades, a ſure defence from ſummer's ray,
And ſilver brooks, where wanton damſels play,
Which with ſoft notes their dimpled cryſtal roll'd
O'er colour'd ſhells and ſands of native gold;
ſing fountain play'd from every ſtream,
'd as it roſe, and caſt a tranſient gleam,
n, gently falling in a vocal ſhower,
'd every ſhrub, and ſprinkled every flower,
at on the banks, like many a lovely bride,
ew'd in the liquid glaſs their bluſhing pride;
hilſt on each branch, with purple bloſſoms hung,
e ſportful birds their joyous deſcant ſung.

While Maia, thus entranc'd in ſweet delight,
ith each gay object fed her eager ſight,
he goddeſs mildly caught her willing hand,
d led her trembling o'er the flowery land.

Soon ſhe beheld, where through an opening glade
A ſpacious lake its clear expanſe diſplay'd;
In mazy curls the flowing jaſper wav'd
O'er its ſmooth bed with poliſh'd agate pav'd;
And on a rock of ice, by magick rais'd,
High in the midſt a gorgeous palace blaz'd;
The ſunbeams on the gilded portals glanc'd,
Play'd on the ſpires, and on the turrets danc'd;
To four bright gates four ivory bridges led,
With pearls illumin'd, and with roſes ſpread:
And now, more radiant than the morning ſun,
Her eaſy way the gliding goddeſs won;
Still by her hand ſhe held the fearful maid,
And, as ſhe paſs'd, the fairies homage paid:
They enter'd ſtraight the ſumptuous palace-hall,
Where ſilken tapeſtry emblaz'd the wall,
Refulgent tiſſue, of an heavenly woof;
And gems unnumber'd ſparkled on the roof,
On whoſe blue arch the flaming diamonds play'd,
As on a ſky with living ſtars inlay'd;
Of precious diadems a regal ſtore,
With globes and ſceptres, ſtrew'd the porphyry flo
Rich veſts of eaſtern kings around were ſpread,
And glittering zones a ſtarry luſtre ſhed:

But Maia moſt admir'd the pearly ſtrings,
Gay bracelets, golden chains, and ſparkling rings.

High in the centre of the palace ſhone,
Suſpended in mid-air, an opal throne:
To this the queen aſcends with royal pride,
And ſets the favour'd damſel by her ſide.
Around the throne in myſtick order ſtand
The fairy train, and wait her high command;
When thus ſhe ſpeaks: (the maid attentive ſips
Each word that flows, like nectar, from her lips.)

avourite of heaven, my much-lov'd Maia, know,
om me all joys, all earthly bleſſings, flow:
e ſuppliant men imperial Fortune call,
he mighty empreſs of yon rolling ball:
rais'd her finger, and the wondering maid
iſtance hung the duſky globe ſurvey'd,
the round earth with foaming oceans vein'd,
labouring clouds on mountain tops ſuſtain'd.)
o me has fate the pleaſing taſk aſſign'd
o rule the various thoughts of humankind;
o catch each riſing wiſh, each ardent prayer,
nd ſome to grant, and ſome to waſte in air.

"Know farther; as I rang'd the cryſtal ſky,
"I ſaw thee near the murmuring fountain lie;
"Mark'd the rough ſtorm that gather'd in thy breaſt,
"And knew what care thy joyleſs ſoul oppreſt.
"Straight I reſolv'd to bring thee quick relief,
"Eaſe every weight, and ſoften every grief;
"If in this court contented thou canſt live,
"And taſte the joys theſe happy gardens give:
"But fill thy mind with vain deſires no more,
"And view without a wiſh yon ſhining ſtore:
"Soon ſhall a numerous train before me bend,
"And kneeling votaries my ſhrine attend;
"Warn'd by their empty vanities beware,
"And ſcorn the folly of each human prayer."

She ſaid; and ſtraight a damſel of her train
With tender fingers touch'd a golden chain.
Now a ſoft bell delighted Maia hears,
That ſweetly trembles on her liſtening ears;
Through the calm air the melting numbers float,
And wanton echo lengthens every note.
Soon through the dome a mingled hum aroſe,
Like the ſwift ſtream that o'er a valley flows;

Now louder ſtill it grew, and ſtill more loud,
As diſtant thunder breaks the burſting cloud:
Through the four portals ruſh'd a various throng,
That like a wintry torrent pour'd along:
A croud of every tongue, and every hue,
Toward the bright throne with eager rapture flew.
* A lovely ſtripling ſtepp'd before the reſt
With haſty pace, and tow'rd the goddeſs preſt;
His mien was graceful, and his looks were mild,
And in his eye celeſtial ſweetneſs ſmil'd:
Youth's purple glow, and beauty's roſy beam,
his ſmooth cheeks diffus'd a lively gleam;
floating ringlets of his muſky hair
v'd on the boſom of the wanton air:
h modeſt grace the goddeſs he addreſt,
d thoughtleſs thus preferr'd his fond requeſt.

"Queen of the world, whoſe wide-extended ſway,
Gay youth, firm manhood, and cold age obey,
Grant me, while life's freſh blooming roſes ſmile,
The day with varied pleaſures to beguile;
Let me on beds of dewy flowers recline,
And quaff with glowing lips the ſparkling wine;

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* Pleaſure.

“ Grant me to feed on beauty's rifled charms,
“ And claſp a willing damſel in my arms;
“ Her boſom fairer than a hill of ſnow,
“ And gently bounding like a playful roe;
“ Her lips more fragrant than the ſummer air,
“ And ſweet as Scythian muſk her hyacinthine hair;
“ Let new delights each dancing hour employ,
“ Sport follow ſport, and joy ſucceed to joy.”

The goddeſs grants the ſimple youth's requeſt,
And mildly thus accoſts her lovely gueſt:
“ On that ſmooth mirror, full of magick light,
“ Awhile, dear Maia, fix thy wandering ſight.”
She looks; and in th' enchanted cryſtal ſees
A bower o'er-canopied with tufted trees:
The wanton ſtripling lies beneath the ſhade,
And by his ſide reclines a blooming maid;
O'er her fair limbs a ſilken mantle flows,
Through which her youthful beauty ſoftly glows,
And part conceal'd, and part diſclos'd to ſight,
Through the thin texture caſts a ruddy light,
As the ripe cluſters of the mantling vine
Beneath the verdant foliage faintly ſhine,

And, fearing to be view'd by envious day,
Their glowing tints unwillingly diſplay.

The youth, while joy ſits ſparkling in his eyes,
Pants on her neck, and on her boſom dies;
From her ſmooth cheek nectareous dew he ſips,
And all his ſoul comes breathing to his lips.
But Maia turns her modeſt eyes away,
And bluſhes to behold their amorous play.

She looks again, and ſees with ſad ſurprize
On the clear glaſs far different ſcenes ariſe:
The bower, which late outſhone the roſy morn,
O'erhung with weeds ſhe ſaw, and rough with thorn;
With ſtings of aſps the leafleſs plants were wreath'd,
And curling adders gales of venom breath'd:
Low ſat the ſtripling on the faded ground,
And in a mournful knot his arms were bound;
His eyes, that ſhot before a ſunny beam,
Now ſcarcely ſhed a ſaddening, dying gleam;
Faint as a glimmering taper's waſted light,
Or a dull ray that ſtreaks the cloudy night:
His cryſtal vaſe was on the pavement roll'd,
And from the bank was fall'n his cup of gold;

From which th' envenom'd drugs of deadly hue
Flow'd on the ground in ſtreams of baleful dew,
And, ſlowly ſtealing through the wither'd bower,
Poiſon'd each plant, and blaſted every flower:
Fled were his ſlaves, and fled his yielding fair,
And each gay phantom was diſſolv'd in air;
Whilſt in their place was left a ruthleſs train,
Deſpair, and grief, remorſe, and raging pain.

Aſide the damſel turns her weeping eyes,
And ſad reflections in her boſom riſe;
To whom thus mildly ſpeaks the radiant queen:
“ Take ſage example from this moral ſcene;
“ See, how vain pleaſures ſting the lips they kiſs,
“ How aſps are hid beneath the bowers of bliſs!
“ Whilſt ever fair the flower of temperance blows,
“ Unchang'd her leaf, and without thorn her roſe;
“ Smiling ſhe darts her glittering branch on high,
“ And ſpreads her fragrant bloſſoms to the ſky.”

* Next tow'rd the throne ſhe ſaw a knight advance;
Erect he ſtood, and ſhook a quivering lance;

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* Glory.

A fiery dragon on his helmet ſhone;
And on his buckler beam'd a golden ſun;
O'er his broad boſom blaz'd his jointed mail
With many a gem, and many a ſhining ſcale;
He trod the ſounding floor with princely mien,
And thus with haughty words addreſs'd the queen:
“ Let falling kings beneath my javelin bleed,
“ And bind my temples with a victor's meed;
“ Let every realm that feels the ſolar ray,
“ Shrink at my frown, and own my regal ſway:
“ Let Ind's rich banks declare my deathleſs fame,
“ And trembling Ganges dread my potent name.”

The queen conſented to the warriour's pray'r,
And his bright banners floated in the air:
He bade his darts in ſteely tempeſts fly,
Flames burſt the clouds, and thunder ſhake the ſky;
Death aim'd his lance, earth trembled at his nod,
And crimſon conqueſt glow'd where'er he trod.

And now the damſel, fix'd in deep amaze,
Th' enchanted glaſs with eager look ſurveys:
She ſees the hero in his duſky tent,
His guards retir'd, his glimmering taper ſpent;

His ſpear, vain inſtrument of dying praiſe,
On the rich floor with idle ſtate he lays;
His gory falchion near his pillow ſtood,
And ſtain'd the ground with drops of purple blood;
A buſy page his nodding helm unlac'd,
And on the couch his ſcaly hauberk plac'd:
Now on the bed his weary limbs he throws,
Bath'd in the balmy dew of ſoft repoſe:
In dreams he ruſhes o'er the gloomy field,
He ſees new armies fly, new heroes yield;
Warm with the vigorous conflict he appears,
And ev'n in ſlumber ſeems to move the ſpheres.
But lo! the faithleſs page, with ſtealing tread,
Advances to the champion's naked head;
With his ſharp dagger wounds his bleeding breaſt,
And ſteeps his eyelids in eternal reſt:
Then cries, (and waves the ſteel that drops with gore)
"The tyrant dies; oppreſſion is no more."

* Now came an aged ſire with trembling pace;
Sunk were his eyes, and pale his ghaſtly face;
A ragged weed of duſky hue he wore,
And on his back a ponderous coffer bore.

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* Riches.

The queen with faltering ſpeech he thus addreſt:
"O, fill with gold thy true adorer's cheſt!"

"Behold, ſaid ſhe, and wav'd her powerful hand,
"Where yon rich hills in glittering order ſtand:
"There load thy coffer with the golden ſtore;
"Then bear it full away, and aſk no more."

With eager ſteps he took his haſty way,
Where the bright coin in heaps unnumber'd lay;
There hung enamour'd o'er the gleaming ſpoil,
Scoop'd the gay droſs, and bent beneath the toil.
But bitter was his anguiſh, to behold
The coffer widen, and its ſides unfold:
And every time he heap'd the darling ore,
His greedy cheſt grew larger than before;
Till, ſpent with pain, and falling o'er his hoard,
With his ſharp ſteel his maddening breaſt he gor'd:
On the lov'd heap he caſt his cloſing eye,
Contented on a golden couch to die.

A ſtripling, with the fair adventure pleas'd,
Stepp'd forward, and the maſſy coffer ſeiz'd;

But with ſurprize he ſaw the ſtores decay,
And all the long-ſought treaſures melt away:
In winding ſtreams the liquid metal roll'd,
And through the palace ran a flood of gold.

* Next to the ſhrine advanc'd a reverend ſage,
Whoſe beard was hoary with the froſt of age;
His few gray locks a ſable fillet bound,
And his dark mantle flow'd along the ground:
Grave was his port, yet ſhow'd a bold neglect,
And fill'd the young beholder with reſpect;
Time's envious hand had plough'd his wrinkled face,
Yet on thoſe wrinkles ſat ſuperiour grace;
Still full of fire appear'd his vivid eye,
Darted quick beams, and ſeem'd to pierce the ſky.
At length, with gentle voice and look ſerene,
He wav'd his hand, and thus addreſs'd the queen:

"Twice forty winters tip my beard with ſnow,
"And age's chilling guſts around me blow:
"In early youth, by contemplation led,
"With high purſuits my flatter'd thoughts were fed;

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* Knowledge.

“ To nature firſt my labours were confin'd,
“ And all her charms were open'd to my mind,
“ Each flower that gliſten'd in the morning dew,
“ And every ſhrub that in the foreſt grew:
“ From earth to heaven I caſt my wondering eyes,
“ Saw ſuns unnumber'd ſparkle in the ſkies,
“ Mark'd the juſt progreſs of each rolling ſphere,
“ Deſcrib'd the ſeaſons, and reform'd the year.
“ At length ſublimer ſtudies I began,
“ And fix'd my level'd teleſcope on man;
“ Knew all his powers, and all his paſſions trac'd,
“ What virtue rais'd him, and what vice debas'd:
“ But when I ſaw his knowledge ſo confin'd,
“ So vain his wiſhes, and ſo weak his mind,
“ His ſoul, a bright obſcurity at beſt,
“ And rough with tempeſts his afflicted breaſt,
“ His life, a flower ere evening ſure to fade,
“ His higheſt joys, the ſhadow of a ſhade;
“ To thy fair court I took my weary way,
“ Bewail my folly, and heaven's laws obey,
“ Confeſs my feeble mind for prayers unfit,
“ And to my maker's will my ſoul ſubmit:
“ Great empreſs of yon orb that rolls below,
“ On me the laſt beſt gift of heaven beſtow.”

He ſpoke: a ſudden cloud his ſenſes ſtole,
And thickening darkneſs ſwam o'er all his ſoul;
His vital ſpark her earthly cell forſook,
And into air her fleeting progreſs took.

Now from the throng a deafening ſound was heard,
And all at once their various prayers preferr'd;
The goddeſs, wearied with the noiſy croud,
Thrice wav'd her ſilver wand, and ſpoke aloud:
“ Our ears no more with vain petitions tire,
“ But take unheard whate'er you firſt deſire.”
She ſaid: each wiſh'd, and what he wiſh'd obtain'd;
And wild confuſion in the palace reign'd.

But Maia, now grown ſenſeleſs with delight,
Caſt on an emerald ring her roving ſight;
And, ere ſhe could ſurvey the reſt with care,
Wiſh'd on her hand the precious gem to wear.

Sudden the palace vaniſh'd from her ſight,
And the gay fabrick melted into night;
But, in its place, ſhe view'd with weeping eyes
Huge rocks around her, and ſharp cliffs ariſe:

She ſat deſerted on the naked ſhore,
Saw the curl'd waves, and heard the tempeſt roar;
Whilſt on her finger ſhone the fatal ring,
A weak defence from hunger's pointed ſting,
From ſad remorſe, from comfortleſs deſpair,
And all the painful family of care!
Frantick with grief her roſy cheek ſhe tore,
And rent her locks, her darling charge no more:
But when the night his raven wing had ſpread,
And hung with ſable every mountain's head,
Her tender limbs were numb'd with biting cold,
And round her feet the curling billows roll'd;
With trembling arms a rifted crag ſhe graſp'd,
And the rough rock with hard embraces claſp'd.

While thus ſhe ſtood, and made a piercing moan,
By chance her emerald touch'd the rugged ſtone;
That moment gleam'd from heaven a golden ray,
And taught the gloom to counterfeit the day:
A winged youth, for mortal eyes too fair,
Shot like a meteor through the duſky air;
His heavenly charms o'ercame her dazled ſight,
And drown'd her ſenſes in a flood of light;

His ſunny plumes deſcending he diſplay'd,
And ſoftly thus addreſs'd the mournful maid:

"Say, thou, who doſt yon wondrous ring poſſeſs,
"What cares diſturb thee, or what wants oppreſs;
"To faithful ears diſcloſe thy ſecret grief,
"And hope (ſo heaven ordains) a quick relief."

The maid replied, "Ah, ſacred genius, bear
"A hopeleſs damſel from this land of care;
"Waft me to ſofter climes and lovelier plains,
"Where nature ſmiles, and ſpring eternal reigns."

She ſpoke; and ſwifter than the glance of thought
To a fair iſle his ſleeping charge he brought.

Now morning breath'd: the ſcented air was mild,
Each meadow bloſſom'd, and each valley ſmil'd;
On every ſhrub the pearly dewdrops hung,
On every branch a feather'd warbler ſung;
The cheerful ſpring her flowery chaplets wove,
And incenſe-breathing gales perfum'd the grove.

The damſel roſe; and, loſt in glad ſurprize,
Caſt round the gay expanſe her opening eyes,
That ſhone with pleaſure like a ſtarry beam,
Or moonlight ſparkling on a ſilver ſtream.
She thought ſome nymph muſt haunt that lovely ſcene,
Some woodland goddeſs, or ſome fairy queen;
At leaſt ſhe hop'd in ſome ſequeſter'd vale
To hear the ſhepherd tell his amorous tale:
Led by theſe flattering hopes from glade to glade,
From lawn to lawn with haſty ſteps ſhe ſtray'd;
But not a nymph by ſtream or fountain ſtood,
And not a fairy glided through the wood;
No damſel wanton'd o'er the dewy flowers,
No ſhepherd ſung beneath the roſy bowers:
On every ſide ſhe ſaw vaſt mountains riſe,
That thruſt their daring foreheads in the ſkies;
The rocks of poliſh'd alabaſter ſeem'd,
And in the ſun their lofty ſummits gleam'd.
She call'd aloud, but not a voice replied,
Save echo babling from the mountain's ſide.

By this had night o'ercaſt the gloomy ſcene,
And twinkling ſtars emblaz'd the blue ſerene
Yet on ſhe wander'd till with grief oppreſt
She fell; and, falling, ſmote her ſnowy breaſt:
Now to the heavens her guilty head ſhe rears,
And pours her burſting ſorrow into tears;
Then plaintive ſpeaks, "Ah! fond miſtaken maid,
"How was thy mind by gilded hopes betray'd!
"Why didſt thou wiſh for bowers and flowery hills,
"For ſmiling meadows, and for purling rills;
"Since on thoſe hills no youth or damſel roves,
"No ſhepherd haunts the ſolitary groves?
"Ye meads that glow with intermingled dyes,
"Ye flowering palms that from yon hillocks riſe,
"Ye quivering brooks that ſoftly murmur by,
"Ye panting gales that on the branches die;
"Ah! why has Nature through her gay domain
"Diſplay'd your beauties, yet diſplay'd in vain?
"In vain, ye flowers, you boaſt your vernal bloom,
"And waſte in barren air your freſh perfume.
"Ah! leave, ye wanton birds, yon lonely ſpray;
"Unheard you warble, and unſeen you play:

“ Yet ſtay till fate has fix'd my early doom,
“ And ſtrow with leaves a hapleſs damſel's tomb.
“ Some grot or graſſy bank ſhall be my bier,
“ My maiden herſe unwater'd with a tear.”

Thus while ſhe mourns, o'erwhelm'd in deep deſpair,
She rends her ſilken robes, and golden hair:
Her fatal ring, the cauſe of all her woes,
On a hard rock with maddening rage ſhe throws;
The gem, rebounding from the ſtone, diſplays
Its verdant hue, and ſheds refreſhing rays:
Sudden deſcends the genius of the ring,
And drops celeſtial fragrance from his wing;
Then ſpeaks, “ Who calls me from the realms of day?
“ Aſk, and I grant; command, and I obey.”

She drank his melting words with raviſh'd ears,
And ſtopp'd the guſhing current of her tears;
Then kiſs'd his ſkirts, that like a ruby glow'd,
And ſaid, “ O bear me to my ſire's abode.”

Straight o'er her eyes a ſhady veil aroſe,
And all her ſoul was lull'd in ſtill repoſe.

By this with flowers the roſy-finger'd dawn
Had ſpread each dewy hill and verdurous lawn;
She wak'd, and ſaw a new-built tomb that ſtood
In the dark boſom of a ſolemn wood,
While theſe ſad ſounds her trembling ears invade:
“ Beneath yon marble ſleeps thy father's ſhade.”
She ſigh'd, ſhe wept; ſhe ſtruck her penſive breaſt,
And bade his urn in peaceful ſlumber reſt.

And now in ſilence o'er the gloomy land
She ſaw advance a ſlowly-winding band;
Their cheeks were veil'd, their robes of mournful hue
Flow'd o'er the lawn, and ſwept the pearly dew;
O'er the freſh turf they ſprinkled ſweet perfume,
And ſtrow'd with flowers the venerable tomb.
A graceful matron walk'd before the train,
And tun'd in notes of wo the funeral ſtrain:
When from her face her ſilken veil ſhe drew,
The watchful maid her aged mother knew.
O'erpowered with burſting joy ſhe runs to meet
The mourning dame, and falls before her feet.
The matron with ſurprize her daughter rears,
Hangs on her neck, and mingles tears with tears.

Now o'er the tomb their hallow'd rites they pay,
And form with lamps an artificial day:
Erelong the damſel reach'd her native vale,
And told with joyful heart her moral tale;
Reſign'd to heaven, and loſt to all beſide,
She liv'd contented, and contented died.

* * *

THE

SEVEN FOUNTAINS,

AN EASTERN ALLEGORY.

Written in the Year 1767.

DECK'D with freſh garlands, like a rural bride,
And with the crimſon ſtreamer's waving pride,
A wanton bark was floating o'er the main,
And ſeem'd with ſcorn to view the azure plain:
Smooth were the waves; and ſcarce a whiſpering gale
Fann'd with his gentle plumes the ſilken ſail.
High on the burniſh'd deck, a gilded throne
With orient pearls and beaming diamonds ſhone;

On which reclin'd a youth of graceful mien,
His ſandals purple, and his mantle green;
His locks in ringlets o'er his ſhoulders roll'd,
And on his cheek appear'd the downy gold.
Around him ſtood a train of ſmiling boys,
Sporting with idle cheer and mirthful toys;
* Ten comely ſtriplings, girt with ſpangled wings,
Blew piercing flutes, or touch'd the quivering ſtrings;
Ten more, in cadence to the ſprightly ſtrain,
Wak'd with their golden oars the ſlumbering main:
The waters yielded to their guiltleſs blows,
And the green billows ſparkled as they roſe.

Long time the barge had danc'd along the deep,
And on its glaſſy boſom ſeem'd to ſleep;
† But now a glittering iſle aroſe in view,
Bounded with hillocks of a verdant hue:
Freſh groves and roſeate bowers appear'd above,
(Fit haunts, be ſure, of pleaſure and of love)
And higher ſtill a thouſand blazing ſpires
Seem'd with gilt tops to threat the heavenly fires.
Now each fair ſtripling plied his labouring oar,
And ſtraight the pinnace ſtruck the ſandy ſhore.

---

* The follies of youth † The world.

The youth aroſe, and, leaping on the ſtrand,
Took his lone way along the ſilver ſand;
While the light bark, and all the airy crew,
Sunk like a miſt beneath the briny dew.

With eager ſteps the young adventurer ſtray'd
Through many a grove, and many a winding glade;
At length he heard the chime of tuneful ſtrings,
That ſweetly floated on the Zephyr's wings;
* And ſoon a band of damſels blithe and fair,
With flowing mantles and diſhevel'd hair,
Ruſh'd with quick pace along the ſolemn wood,
Where rapt in wonder and delight he ſtood:
In looſe tranſparent robes they were array'd,
Which half their beauties hid, and half diſplay'd.

A lovely nymph approach'd him with a ſmile,
And ſaid, "O, welcome to this bliſsful iſle!
"For thou art he, whom ancient bards foretold,
"Doom'd in our clime to bring an age of gold:
"Hail, ſacred king! and from thy ſubject's hand,
"Accept the robes and ſceptre of the land."

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* The follies and vanities of the world.

“ Sweet maid, ſaid he, fair learning's heavenly beam
“ O'er my young mind n'er ſhed her favouring gleam;
“ Nor has my arm e'er hurl'd the fatal lance,
“ While deſperate legions o'er the plain advance.
“ How ſhould a ſimple youth, unfit to bear
“ The ſteely mail, that ſplendid mantle wear!”
“ Ah! ſaid the damſel, from this happy ſhore,
“ We baniſh wiſdom, and her idle lore;
“ No clarions here the ſtrains of battle ſing,
“ With notes of mirth our joyful valleys ring.
“ Peace to the brave! o'er us the beauteous reign,
“ And ever-charming pleaſures form our train.”

This ſaid, a diadem, inlay'd with pearls,
She plac'd reſpectful on his golden curls;
Another o'er his graceful ſhoulder threw
A ſilken mantle of the roſe's hue,
Which, claſp'd with ſtuds of gold, behind him flow'd,
And through the folds his glowing boſom ſhow'd.
Then in a car, by ſnow-white courſers drawn,
They led him o'er the dew-beſprinkled lawn,
Through groves of joy and arbours of delight,
With all that could allure his raviſh'd ſight;

Green hillocks, meads, and roſy grots, he view'd,
And verdurous plains with winding ſtreams bedew'd,
On every bank, and under every ſhade,
A thouſand youths, a thouſand damſels play'd;
Some wantonly were tripping in a ring
On the ſoft border of a guſhing ſpring;
While ſome, reclining in the ſhady vales,
Told to their ſmiling loves their amorous tales:
But when the ſportful train beheld from far
The nymphs returning with the ſtately car,
O'er the ſmooth plain with haſty ſteps they came,
And hail'd their youthful king with loud acclaim;
With flowers of every tint the paths they ſtrow'd,
And caſt their chaplets on the hallow'd road.

At laſt they reach'd the boſom of a wood,
Where on a hill a radiant palace ſtood;
A ſumptuous dome, by hands immortal made,
Which on its walls and on its gates diſplay'd
The gems that in the rocks of Tibet glow,
The pearls that in the ſhells of Ormus grow.
And now a numerous train advance to meet
The youth, deſcending from his regal ſeat;

Whom to a rich and ſpacious hall they led,
With ſilken carpets delicately ſpread:
There on a throne, with gems unnumber'd grac'd,
Their lovely king ſix blooming damſels plac'd *,
And, meekly kneeling, to his modeſt hand
They gave the glittering ſceptre of command;
Then on ſix ſmaller thrones they ſat reclin'd,
And watch'd the riſing tranſports of his mind:
When thus the youth a bluſhing nymph addreſs'd,
And, as he ſpoke, her hand with rapture preſs'd;

“ Say, gentle damſel, may I aſk unblam'd,
“ How this gay iſle, and ſplendid ſeats are nam'd?
“ And you, fair queens of beauty and of grace,
“ Are you of earthly or celeſtial race?
“ To me the world's bright treaſures were unknown,
“ Where late I wander'd, penſive and alone;
“ And, ſlowly winding on my native ſhore,
“ Saw the vaſt ocean roll, but ſaw no more;
“ Till from the waves with many a charming ſong,
“ A barge aroſe, and gayly mov'd along;
“ The jolly rowers reach'd the yielding ſands,
“ Allur'd my ſteps, and wav'd their ſhining hands:

* The pleaſures of the ſenſes.

“ I went,

"I went, ſaluted by the vocal train,
"And the ſwift pinnace cleav'd the waves again;
"When on this iſland ſtruck the gilded prow,
"I landed full of joy: the reſt you know.
"Short is the ſtory of my tender years:
"Now ſpeak, ſweet nymph, and charm my liſtening
"ears."

"Theſe are the groves, for ever deck'd with flowers,
"The maid replied, and theſe the fragrant bowers,
"Where Love and Pleaſure hold their airy court,
"The ſeat of bliſs, of ſprightlineſs, and ſport:
"And we, dear youth, are nymphs of heavenly line;
"Our ſouls immortal, as our forms divine:
"For Maia, fill'd with Zephyr's warm embrace,
"In caves and foreſts cover'd her diſgrace;
"At laſt ſhe reſted on this peaceful ſhore,
"Where in yon grot a lovely boy ſhe bore,
"Whom freſh and wild and frolick from his birth
"She nurs'd in myrtle bowers, and call'd him Mirth.
"He on a ſummer's morning chanc'd to rove
"Through the green labyrinth of ſome ſhady grove,
"Where, by a dimpled rivulet's verdant ſide,
"A riſing bank, with woodbine edg'd, he ſpied:

“ There, veil'd with flowerets of a thouſand hues,
“ A nymph lay bath'd in ſlumber's balmy dews;
“ (This maid by ſome, for ſome our race defame,
“ Was Folly call'd, but Pleaſure was her name:)
“ Her mantle, like the ſky in April, blue,
“ Hung on a bloſſom'd branch that near her grew;
“ For, long diſporting in the ſilver ſtream,
“ She ſhunn'd the blazing day-ſtar's ſultry beam;
“ And, ere ſhe could conceal her naked charms,
“ Sleep caught her trembling in his downy arms:
“ Borne on the wings of Love, he flew, and preſs'd
“ Her breathing boſom to his eager breaſt.
“ At his wild theft the roſy morning bluſh'd,
“ The rivulet ſmil'd, and all the woods were huſh'd.
“ Of theſe fair parents on this bliſsful coaſt
“ (Parents like Mirth and Pleaſure who can boaſt?)
“ I with five ſiſters, on one happy morn,
“ All fair alike, behold us now, were born.
“ When they to brighter regions took their way,
“ By Love invited to the realms of day,
“ To us they gave this large, this gay domain,
“ And ſaid, departing, Here let Beauty reign.
“ Then reign, fair prince, in thee all beauties ſhine,
“ And, ah! we know thee of no mortal line.”

She ſaid; the king with rapid ardour glow'd,
And the ſwift poiſon through his boſom flow'd:
But while ſhe ſpoke he caſt his eyes around
To view the dazzling roof, and ſpangled ground;
Then, turning with amaze from ſide to ſide,
Seven golden doors, that richly ſhone, he ſpied,
And ſaid, “Fair nymph, (but let me not be bold)
“What mean thoſe doors that blaze with burniſh'd
“gold?”
“To ſix gay bowers, the maid replied, they lead,
“Where Spring eternal crowns the glowing mead;
“Six fountains there, that glitter as they play,
“Riſe to the ſun with many a colour'd ray.”
“But the ſeventh door, ſaid he, what beauties grace!”
“O, 'tis a cave, a dark and joyleſs place,
“A ſcene of nameleſs deeds, and magick ſpells,
“Where day ne'er ſhines, and pleaſure never dwells:
“Think not of that. But come, my royal friend,
“And ſee what joys thy favour'd ſteps attend.”
She ſpoke, and pointed to the neareſt door:
Swift he deſcends; the damſel flies before;
She turns the lock; it opens at command;
The maid and ſtripling enter hand in hand.

The wondering youth beheld an opening glade,
Where in the midſt a cryſtal fountain play'd*;
The ſilver ſands, that on its bottom grew,
Were ſtrown with pearls and gems of varied hue;
The diamond ſparkled like the ſtar of day,
And the ſoft topaz ſhed a golden ray;
Clear amethyſts combin'd their purple gleam
With the mild emerald's ſight-refreſhing beam;
The ſapphire ſmil'd like yon blue plain above,
And rubies ſpread the bluſhing tint of love.
"These are the waters of eternal light,
"The damſel ſaid, the ſtream of heavenly ſight;
"See, in this cup (ſhe ſpoke, and ſtoop'd to fill
"A vaſe of jaſper with the ſacred rill),
"See, how the living waters bound and ſhine,
"Which this well-poliſh'd gem can ſcarce confine!"
From her ſoft hand the lucid urn he took,
And quaff'd the nectar with a tender look:
Straight from his eyes a cloud of darkneſs flew,
And all the ſcene was open'd to his view;
Not all the groves, where ancient bards have told,
Of vegetable gems, and blooming gold;

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* Sight.

Not all the bowers which oft in flowery lays
And ſolemn tales Arabian poets praiſe;
Though ſtreams of honey flow'd through every mead,
Though balm and amber dropp'd from every reed;
Held half the ſweets that Nature's ample hand
Had pour'd luxuriant o'er this wondrous land.
All flowerets here their mingled rays diffuſe,
The rainbow's tints to theſe were vulgar hues;
All birds that in the ſtream their pinion dip,
Or from the brink the liquid cryſtal ſip,
Or ſhow their beauties to the ſunny ſkies
Here wav'd their plumes that ſhone with varying dyes;
But chiefly he, that o'er the verdant plain
Spreads the gay eyes which grace his ſpangled train;
And he, who, proudly ſailing, loves to ſhow
His mantling wings and neck of downy ſnow;
Nor abſent he, who learns the human ſound,
With wavy gold and moving emeralds crown'd;
Whoſe head and breaſt with poliſh'd ſapphires glow,
And on whoſe wing the gems of Indus grow.
The monarch view'd their beauties o'er and o'er,
He was all eye, and look'd from every pore.
But now the damſel calls him from his trance;
And o'er the lawn delighted they advance:

They paſs the hall adorn'd with royal ſtate,
And enter now with joy the ſecond gate *.

A ſoothing ſound he heard, (but taſted firſt
The guſhing ſtream that from the valley burſt),
And in the ſhade beheld a youthful quire
That touch'd with flying hands the trembling lyre:
Melodious notes, drawn out with magick art,
Caught with ſweet extaſy his raviſh'd heart;
An hundred nymphs their charming deſcants play'd,
And melting voices died along the glade;
The tuneful ſtream that murmur'd as it roſe,
The birds that on the trees bewail'd their woes,
The boughs, made vocal by the whiſpering gale,
Join'd their ſoft ſtrain, and warbled through the vale.
The concert ends: and now the ſtripling hears
A tender voice that ſtrikes his wondering ears;
A beauteous bird, in our rude climes unknown,
That on a leafy arbour ſits alone,
Strains his ſweet throat, and waves his purple wings,
And thus in human accents ſoftly ſings:

---

* Hearing.

"Riſe, lovely pair, a ſweeter bower invites
"Your eager ſteps, a bower of new delights;
"Ah! crop the flowers of pleaſure while they blow,
"Ere winter hides them in a veil of ſnow.
"Youth, like a thin anemone, diſplays
"His ſilken leaf, and in a morn decays.
"See, gentle youth, a lily-boſom'd bride!
"See, nymph, a blooming ſtripling by thy ſide!
"Then haſte, and bathe your ſouls in ſoft delights,
"A ſweeter bow'r your wandering ſteps invites."

He ceas'd; the ſlender branch, from which he flew,
Bent its fair head, and ſprinkled pearly dew.
The damſel ſmil'd; the bluſhing youth was pleas'd,
And by her willing hand his charmer ſeiz'd:
The lovely nymph, who ſigh'd for ſweeter joy,
To the third gate * conducts the amorous boy;
She turns the key; her cheeks like roſes bloom,
And on the lock her fingers drop perfume.

His raviſh'd ſenſe a ſcene of pleaſure meets,
A maze of joy, a paradiſe of ſweets;

---

* Smell.

But firſt his lips had touch'd th' alluring ſtream,
That through the grove diſplay'd a ſilver gleam.
Through jaſmine bowers, and violet-ſcented vales,
On ſilken pinions flew the wanton gales,
Arabian odours on the plants they left,
And whiſper'd to the woods their ſpicy theft;
Beneath the ſhrubs, that ſpread a trembling ſhade,
The muſky roes, and fragrant civets, play'd.
As when at eve an Eaſtern merchant roves
From Hadramut to Aden's ſpikenard groves,
Where ſome rich caravan not long before
Has paſs'd, with caſſia fraught, and balmy ſtore,
Charm'd with the ſcent that hills and vales diffuſe,
His grateful journey gayly he purſues;
Thus pleas'd, the monarch fed his eager ſoul,
And from each breeze a cloud of fragrance ſtole:
Soon the fourth door * he paſs'd with eager haſte,
And the fourth ſtream was nectar to his taſte.

Before his eyes, on agate columns rear'd,
On high a purple canopy appear'd;
And under it in ſtately form was plac'd
A table with a thouſand vaſes grac'd;

---

* Taſte.

Laden with all the dainties that are found
In air, in ſeas, or on the fruitful ground.
Here the fair youth reclin'd with decent pride,
His wanton nymph was ſeated by his ſide:
All that could pleaſe the taſte the happy pair
Cull'd from the loaded board with curious care;
O'er their enchanted heads a mantling vine
His curling tendrils wove with amorous twine;
From the green ſtalks the glowing cluſters hung
Like rubies on a thread of emeralds ſtrung;
With theſe were other fruits of every hue,
The pale, the red, the golden, and the blue.
An hundred ſmiling pages ſtood around,
Their ſhining brows with wreaths of myrtle bound:
They, in tranſparent cups of agate, bore
Of ſweetly-ſparkling wines a precious ſtore;
The ſtripling ſipp'd and revel'd, till the ſun
Down heaven's blue vault his daily courſe had run;
Then roſe, and, follow'd by the gentle maid,
Op'd the fifth door *: a ſtream before them play'd.

The king, impatient for the cooling draught,
In a full cup the myſtic nectar quaff'd;

---

* Touch.

Then with a ſmile (he knew no higher bliſs)
From her ſweet lip he ſtole a balmy kiſs:
On the ſmooth bank of violets they reclin'd;
And, whilſt a chaplet for his brow ſhe twin'd,
With his ſoft cheek her ſofter cheek he preſs'd,
His pliant arms were folded round her breaſt.
She ſmil'd, ſoft lightning darted from her eyes,
And from his fragrant ſeat ſhe bade him riſe;
Then, while a brighter bluſh her face o'erſpread,
To the ſixth gate * her willing gueſt ſhe led.

The golden lock ſhe ſoftly turn'd around;
The moving hinges gave a pleaſing ſound:
The boy delighted ran with eager haſte,
And to his lips the living fountain plac'd;
The magick water pierc'd his kindled brain,
And a ſtrange venom ſhot from vein to vein.
Whatever charms he ſaw in other bowers,
Were here combin'd, fruits, muſick, odours, flowers;
A couch beſides, with ſofteſt ſilk o'erlaid;
And, ſweeter ſtill, a lovely yielding maid,
Who now more charming ſeem'd, and not ſo coy,
And in her arms infolds the bluſhing boy:

---

* The ſenſual pleaſures united.

They ſport and wanton, till, with ſleep oppreſs'd,
Like two freſh roſe-buds on one ſtalk, they reſt.

When morning ſpread around her purple flame,
To the ſweet couch the five fair ſiſters came;
They hail'd the bridegroom with a cheerful voice,
And bade him make with ſpeed a ſecond choice.
Hard taſk to chooſe, when all alike were fair!
Now this, now that, engag'd his anxious care:
Then to the firſt who ſpoke his hand he lent;
The reſt retir'd, and whiſper'd as they went.
The prince enamour'd view'd his ſecond bride;
They left the bower, and wander'd ſide by ſide,
With her he charm'd his ears, with her his ſight;
With her he paſs'd the day, with her the night.
Thus all by turns the ſprightly ſtranger led,
And all by turns partook his nuptial bed;
Hours, days, and months, in pleaſure flow'd away;
All laugh'd, all ſweetly ſung, and all were gay.

So had he wanton'd threeſcore days and ſeven,
More bleſt, he thought, than any ſon of heaven:
Till on a morn, with ſighs and ſtreaming tears,
The train of nymphs before his bed appears;

And thus the youngeſt of the ſiſters ſpeaks,
Whilſt a ſad ſhower runs trickling down her cheeks:

“ A cuſtom which we cannot, dare not fail,
“ (Such are the laws that in our iſle prevail)
“ Compels us, prince, to leave thee here alone,
“ Till thrice the ſun his riſing front has ſhown:
“ Our parents, whom, alas! we muſt obey,
“ Expect us at a ſplendid feaſt to-day;
“ What joy to us can all their ſplendour give?
“ With thee, with only thee, we wiſh to live.
“ Yet may we hope, theſe gardens will afford
“ Some pleaſing ſolace to our abſent lord?
“ Six golden keys, that ope yon bliſsful gates,
“ Where joy, eternal joy, thy ſteps awaits,
“ Accept; the ſeventh (but that you heard before)
“ Leads to a cave, where ravening monſters roar;
“ A ſullen, dire, inhoſpitable cell,
“ Where deathful ſpirits and magicians dwell.
“ Farewel, dear youth; how will our boſoms burn
“ For the ſweet moment of our bleſt return!”

The king, who wept, yet knew his tears were vain,
Took the ſeven keys, and kiſs'd the parting train.

A glittering car, which bounding courſers drew,
They mounted ſtraight, and through the foreſt flew.

The youth, unknowing how to paſs the day,
Review'd the bowers, and heard the fountains play;
By hands unſeen whate'er he wiſh'd was brought;
And pleaſures roſe obedient to his thought.
Yet all the ſweets, that raviſh'd him before,
Were tedious now, and charm'd his ſoul no more:
Leſs lovely ſtill, and ſtill leſs gay they grew;
He ſigh'd, he wiſh'd, and long'd for ſomething new:
Back to the hall he turn'd his weary feet,
And ſat repining on his royal ſeat.
Now on the ſeventh bright gate he caſts his eyes
And in his boſom roſe a bold ſurmiſe:
“The nymph, ſaid he, was ſure diſpos'd to jeſt,
“Who talk'd of dungeons in a place ſo bleſt:
“What harm to open, if it be a cell
“Where deathful ſpirits and magicians dwell?
“If dark or foul, I need not paſs the door;
“If new or ſtrange, my ſoul deſires no more.”
He ſaid, and roſe; then took the golden keys,
And op'd the door: the hinges mov'd with eaſe.

Before his eyes appear'd a ſullen gloom,
Thick, hideous, wild; a cavern, or a tomb.
Yet as he longer gaz'd, he ſaw afar
A light that ſparkled like a ſhooting ſtar.
He paus'd: at laſt, by ſome kind angel led,
He enter'd, and advanc'd with cautious tread.
Still as he walk'd, the light appear'd more clear;
Hope ſooth'd him then, and ſcarcely left a fear.
At length an aged ſire ſurpriz'd he ſaw,
Who fill'd his boſom with a ſacred awe*:
A book he held, which, as reclin'd he lay,
He read, aſſiſted by a taper's ray;
His beard, more white than ſnow on winter's breaſt,
Hung to the zone that bound his ſable veſt;
A pleaſing calmneſs on his brow was ſeen,
Mild was his look, majeſtick was his mien.
Soon as the youth approach'd the reverend ſage,
He rais'd his head, and clos'd the ſerious page;
Then ſpoke: "O ſon, what chance has turn'd thy feet
"To this dull ſolitude, and lone retreat?"
To whom the youth: "Firſt, holy father, tell,
"What force detains thee in this gloomy cell?

---

* Religion.

“ This iſle, this palace, and thoſe balmy bowers,
“ Where ſix ſweet fountains fall on living flowers,
“ Are mine ; a train of damſels choſe me king,
“ And through my kingdom ſmiles perpetual ſpring.
“ For ſome important cauſe to me unknown,
“ This day they left me joyleſs and alone ;
“ But, ere three morns with roſes ſtrow the ſkies,
“ My lovely brides will charm my longing eyes.”

“ Youth, ſaid the ſire, on this auſpicious day
“ Some angel hither led thy erring way :
“ Hear a ſtrange tale, and tremble at the ſnare,
“ Which for thy ſteps thy pleaſing foes prepare.
“ Know, in this iſle prevails a bloody law ;
“ Liſt, ſtripling, liſt ! (the youth ſtood fix'd with awe :)
“ * But ſeventy days the hapleſs monarchs reign,
“ Then cloſe their lives in exile and in pain ;
“ Doom'd in a deep and frightful cave to rove,
“ Where darkneſs hovers o'er the iron grove.
“ Yet know, thy prudence and thy timely care
“ May ſave thee, ſon, from this deſtructive ſnare.
“ † Not far from this a lovelier iſland lies,
“ Too rich, too ſplendid, for unhallow'd eyes :

---

* The life of man. † Heaven.

“ On that bleſt ſhore a ſweeter fountain flows
“ Than this vain clime, or this gay palace knows,
“ Which if thou taſte, whate'er was ſweet before
“ Will bitter ſeem, and ſteal thy ſoul no more.
“ But, ere theſe happy waters thou canſt reach,
“ Thy weary ſteps muſt paſs yon rugged beech,
“ * Where the dark ſea with angry billows raves,
“ And, fraught with monſters, curls his howling waves;
“ If to my words obedient thou attend,
“ Behold in me thy pilot and thy friend.
“ A bark I keep, ſupplied with plenteous ſtore,
“ That now lies anchor'd on the rocky ſhore;
“ And, when of all thy regal toys bereft,
“ In the rude cave an exile thou art left,
“ Myſelf will find thee on the gloomy lea,
“ And waft thee ſafely o'er the dangerous ſea.”

The boy was fill'd with wonder as he ſpake,
And from a dream of folly ſeem'd to wake:
All day the ſage his tainted thoughts refin'd;
His reaſon brighten'd, and reform'd his mind:
Through the dim cavern hand in hand they walk'd,
And much of truth, and much of heaven, they talk'd.

---

* Death.

At night the ſtripling to the hall return'd;
With other fires his alter'd boſom burn'd.
O! to his wiſer ſoul how low, how mean,
Seem'd all he e'er had heard, had felt, had ſeen!
He view'd the ſtars, he view'd the cryſtal ſkies,
And bleſs'd the power all-good, all-great, all-wiſe;
How lowly now appear'd the purple robe,
The rubied ſceptre, and the ivory globe!
How dim the rays that gild the brittle earth!
How vile the brood of Folly, and of Mirth!

When the third morning, clad in mantle gray,
Brought in her roſy car the ſeventieth day,
A band of ſlaves, who ruſh'd with furious ſound,
In chains of ſteel the willing captive bound;
From his young head the diadem they tore,
And caſt his pearly bracelets on the floor;
They rent his robe that bore the roſe's hue,
And o'er his breaſt a hairy mantle threw;
Then dragg'd him to the damp and dreary cave,
Drench'd by the gloomy ſea's reſounding wave.
Meanwhile the voices of a numerous croud
Pierc'd the dun air, as thunder breaks a cloud:

The nymphs another hapleſs youth had found,
And then were leading o'er the guilty ground:
They hail'd him king (alas, how ſhort his reign!)
And with freſh chaplets ſtrow'd the fatal plain.

The happy exile, monarch now no more,
Was roving ſlowly o'er the lonely ſhore;
At laſt the ſire's expected voice he knew,
And tow'rd the ſound with haſty rapture flew.
The promis'd pinnace juſt afloat he found,
And the glad ſage his fetter'd hands unbound;
But when he ſaw the foaming billows rave,
And dragons rolling o'er the fiery wave,
He ſtopp'd: his guardian caught his lingering hand,
And gently led him o'er the rocky ſtrand;
Soon as he touch'd the bark, the ocean ſmil'd,
The dragons vaniſh'd, and the waves were mild,

For many an hour with vigorous arms they row'd,
While not a ſtar one friendly ſparkle ſhow'd;
At length a glimmering brightneſs they behold,
Like a thin cloud which morning dyes with gold:
To that they ſteer; and now, rejoic'd, they view
A ſhore begirt with cliffs of radiant hue.

The

They land: a train, in ſhining mantles clad,
Hail their approach, and bid the youth be glad;
They led him o'er the lea with eaſy pace,
And floated as they went with heavenly grace.
A golden fountain ſoon appear'd in ſight,
That o'er the border caſt a ſunny light.

The ſage, impatient, ſcoop'd the lucid wave
In a rich vaſe, which to the youth he gave;
He drank: and ſtraight a bright celeſtial beam
Before his eyes diſplay'd a dazzling gleam;
Myriads of airy ſhapes around him gaz'd;
Some prais'd his wiſdom, ſome his courage prais'd;
Then o'er his limbs a ſtarry robe they ſpread,
And plac'd a crown of diamonds on his head.

His aged guide was gone, and in his place
Stood a fair cherub fluſh'd with roſy grace;
Who, ſmiling, ſpake: “ Here ever wilt thou reſt,
“ Admir'd, belov'd, our brother and our gueſt;
“ So all ſhall end, whom vice can charm no more
“ With the gay follies of that perilous ſhore.
“ See yon immortal towers their gates unfold,
“ With rubies flaming, and no earthly gold!

"There joys, before unknown, thy ſteps invite;
"Bliſs without care, and morn without a night.
"But now farewel! my duty calls me hence;
"Some injur'd mortal aſks my juſt defence.
"To yon pernicious iſland I repair,
"Swift as a ſtar." He ſpeaks, and melts in air.

The youth o'er walks of jaſper takes his flight;
And bounds and blazes in eternal light.

* * *

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

A PERSIAN SONG

OF HAFIZ.

SWEET maid, if thou would'ſt charm my ſight,
And bid theſe arms thy neck infold;
That roſy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

GAZEL.

EGHER an Turki Shirazi
Bedeſt ared dili mara,
Be khali hinduiſh bakhſhem
Samarcand u Bokharara.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy penſive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots ſay :
Tell them, their Eden cannot ſhow
A ſtream ſo clear as Rocnabad,
A bower ſo ſweet as Moſellay.

O! when theſe fair perfidious maids,
Whoſe eyes our ſecret haunts infeſt,
Their dear deſtructive charms diſplay ;
Each glance my tender breaſt invades,
And robs my wounded ſoul of reſt,
As Tartars ſeize their deſtin'd prey.

Bedeh, ſaki, mei baki,
Ke der jennet nekhahi yaft
Kunari abi Rocnabad,
Ve gulgeſhti Moſellara.

Fugan kein luliani ſhokh
I ſhiringari ſhehraſhob
Chunan berdendi ſabr az dil
Ke Turcan khani yagmara.

In vain with love our boſoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our ſighs,
New luſtre to thoſe charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roſes blow,
Where nature ſpreads her richeſt dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloſs of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the ſacred gloom.

Ze eſhki na temami ma
    Jamali yari muſtagniſt;
Be ab u reng u khal u khatt
    Che hajet ruyi zibara.

Hadis az mutreb u mei gu,
    Va razi dehri kemter ju,
Ke kes nekſhud u nekſhaied
    Be hikmet ein moammara.

Beauty has ſuch reſiſtleſs power,
That even the chaſte Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth ſo lovely and ſo coy!

But ah! ſweet maid, my counſel hear
(Youth ſhould attend when thoſe adviſe
Whom long experience renders ſage):
While muſick charms the raviſh'd ear;
While ſparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and ſcorn the frowns of age.

Men az an huſni ruzafzun
    Ke Yuſuf daſhti daneſtem
Ke eſhk az perdei iſmet
    Berun ared Zuleikhara.

Naſihet goſhi kun jana,
    Ke az jan doſtiter darend
Juvanani ſaadetmend
    I pendi peeri danara.

What cruel anſwer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee ſtill:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet ſay, how fell that bitter word
From lips which ſtreams of ſweetneſs fill,
Which nought but drops of honey ſip?

Go boldly forth, my ſimple lay,
Whoſe accents flow with artleſs eaſe,
Like orient pearls at random ſtrung:
Thy notes are ſweet, the damſels ſay;
But O! far ſweeter, if they pleaſe
The nymph for whom theſe notes are ſung.

Bedem gufti, va khurſendam,
Afac alla, neku gufti,
Jawabi telkhi mizeibed
Lebi lali ſheker khara.

Gazel gufti vedurr ſufti,
Bea vakhoſh bukhan Hafiz,
Ke ber nazmi to afſhaned
Felek ikdi ſuriara.

⁂

AN
ODE OF PETRARCH,
TO THE
FOUNTAIN OF VALCHIUSA.

YE clear and ſparkling ſtreams,
Warm'd by the ſunny beams,
Through whoſe tranſparent cryſtal Laura play'd;
Ye boughs, that deck the grove,
Where Spring her chaplets wove,
While Laura lay beneath the quivering ſhade;

Canzone 27.

Chiare, freſche, e dolci acque,
Ove le belle membra
Poſe colei, che ſola a me par donna;
Gentil ramo, ove piacque
(Con ſoſpir mi rimembra)
A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna;

* M. de Voltaire has given us a beautiful paraphraſe of this firſt ſtanza, though it is certain that he had never read the ode in the original,

Sweet herbs, and bluſhing flowers,
That crown yon vernal bowers
For ever fatal, yet for ever dear;
And ye, that heard my ſighs
When firſt ſhe charm'd my eyes,
Soſt-breathing gales, my dying accents hear.

Erba, e fior', che la gonna
Leggiadra ricoverſe
Coll' angelico ſeno;
Aer ſacro ſereno
Ov' Amor co' begli occhi il cor m' aperſe:
Date udienza inſieme
Alle dolenti mie parole eſtreme.

ginal, or at moſt only the three firſt lines of it; for he aſſerts that the Italian ſong is irregular, and without rhymes; whereas the ſtanzas are perfectly regular, and the rhymes very exact. His deſign was to give Madame du Châtelet, for whom he wrote his hiſtory, an idea of Petrarch's ſtyle; but, if ſhe had only read his imitation, ſhe could have but an imperfect notion of the Italian, which the reader will eaſily perceive by comparing them.

If heaven has fix'd my doom,
That Love muſt quite conſume
My burſting heart, and cloſe my eyes in death;
Ah! grant this ſlight requeſt,
That here my urn may reſt
When to its manſion flies my vital breath.
This pleaſing hope will ſmooth
My anxious mind, and ſooth
The pangs of that inevitable hour;
My ſpirit will not grieve
Her mortal veil to leave
In theſe calm ſhades, and this enchanting bower.

S' egli è pur mio deſtino,
E'l cielo in ciò s' adopra,
Ch' amor queſti occhi lagrimando chiuda,
Qualche grazia il meſchino
Corpo fra voi ricopra;
E torni l' alma al proprio albergo ignuda;
La morte fia men cruda,
Se queſta ſpeme porto
A quel dubbioſo paſſo;
Che lo ſpirito laſſo
Non poria mai in piu ripoſato porto
N'en piu tranquilla foſſa
Fuggir la carne travagliata, e l' oſſa.

Haply the guilty maid
Through yon accuſtom'd glade
To my ſad tomb will take her lonely way;
Where firſt her beauty's light
O'erpower'd my dazzled ſight,
When Love on this fair border bade me ſtray:
There ſorrowing ſhall ſhe ſee,
Beneath an aged tree,
Her true but hapleſs lover's lowly bier;
Too late her tender ſighs
Shall melt the pitying ſkies,
And her ſoft veil ſhall hide the guſhing tear.

Tempo verrà ancor forſe
Ch' all' uſato ſoggiorno
Torni la fera bella e manſueta;
E là, ov' ella mi ſcorſe
Nel benedetto giorno
Volga la viſta deſioſa e lieta,
Cercandomi, ed, o pieta,
Già terra infra le pietre
Vedendo, Amor l'inſpiri
In guiſa che ſoſpiri
Si dolcemente che mercè m' impetre,
E faccia forza al cielo
Aſciugandoſi gli occhi col bel velo.

O! well-remember'd day,
When on yon bank ſhe lay,
Meek in her pride, and in her rigour mild;
The young and blooming flowers,
Falling in fragrant ſhowers,
Shone on her neck, and on her boſom ſmil'd:
Some on her mantle hung,
Some in her locks were ſtrung,
Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold;
Some, in a ſpicy cloud
Deſcending, call'd aloud,
"Here Love and Youth the reins of empire hold."

Da' bei rami ſcendea
Dolce nella memoria
Una pioggia di fior ſovra 'l ſuo grembo;
Ed ella ſi ſedea
Humile in tanta gloria
Coverta già dell' amoroſo nembo:
Qual fior cadea ſul lembo,
Qual ſulle treccie bionde,
Ch' oro forbito e perle
Eran quel dì a vederle,
Qual ſi poſava in terra, e qual ſull' onde;
Qual con un vago errore
Girando parea dir, "Qui regna Amore."

I view'd the heavenly maid;
And, rapt in wonder, ſaid
"The groves of Eden gave this angel birth;"
Her look, her voice, her ſmile,
That might all heaven beguile,
Wafted my ſoul above the realms of earth:
The ſtar-beſpangled ſkies
Were open'd to my eyes;
Sighing I ſaid, "Whence roſe this glittering ſcene?"
Since that auſpicious hour,
This bank, and odorous bower,
My morning couch, and evening haunt, have been.

Quante volte diſs'io
Allor pien di ſpavento
"Coſtei per fermo nacque in paradiſo,"
Coſi carco d' oblio
Il divin portamento
E'l volto, e le parole, e'l dolce riſo
M' aveano, e ſi diviſo
Dall' imagine vera,
Ch' i' dicea ſoſpirando,
"Qui come venn' io, o quando?"
Credendo eſſer' in ciel, non là dov' era.
Da indi in quà mi piace
Queſta erba ſi ch' altrove non o pace.

Well mayſt thou bluſh, my ſong,
To leave the rural throng,
And fly thus artleſs to my Laura's ear;
But, were thy poet's fire
Ardent as his deſire,
Thou wert a ſong that heaven might ſtoop to hear.

Se tu aveſſi ornamenti quant' ai voglia,
Poteſti arditamente
Uſcir del boſco, e gir' infra la gente.

M. DE VOLTAIRE's PARAPHRASE

OF THE

FIRST STANZA,

Chiare, freſche, e dolci acque &c.

CLAIRE fontaine, onde aimable, onde pure,
Ou la beauté qui conſume mon cœur,
Seule beauté, qui ſoit dans la nature,
Des feux du jour evite la chaleur;
Arbre heureux, dont le feuillage
Agité par les Zephirs
La couvris de ſon ombrage,
Qui rappelles mes ſoupirs,
En rappellant ſon image,

Ornemens de ces bords, et filles du matin,
Vous dont je ſuis jaloux, vous moins brillantes qu'Elle,
Fleurs, qu'elle embelliſſait, quand vous touchiez ſon ſein,
Roſſignols, dont la voix eſt moins douce et moins belle,
Air devenu plus pur, adorable ſéjour,
Immortaliſé par ſes charmes,
Lieux dangereux et chers, ou de ſes tendres armes
L'amour a bleſſé tous mes ſens,
Ecoutez mes derniers accens,
Recevez mes dernieres larmes.

* * *

LAURA,

AN ELEGY FROM PETRARCH.

*IN this fair ſeaſon, when the whiſpering gales
Drop ſhowers of fragrance o'er the bloomy vales,
From bower to bower the vernal warblers play;
The ſkies are cloudleſs, and the meads are gay;

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 1. Petrarch. Sonnet. 270.

Zefiro torna, e'l bel tempo rimena,
E' i fiori, e l' erbe, ſua dolce famiglia;
E garrir Progne, e pianger Filomela;
E primavera candida, e vermiglia:

Ridono

The nightingale in many a melting ſtrain
Sings to the groves, "Here Mirth and Beauty reign."
But me, for ever bath'd in guſhing tears,
No mirth enlivens, and no beauty cheers:
The birds that warble, and the flowers that bloom,
Relieve no more this ſolitary gloom.
I ſee, where late the verdant meadow ſmil'd,
A joyleſs deſert, and a dreary wild.
For thoſe dear eyes, that pierc'd my heart before,
Are clos'd in death, and charm the world no more:

IMITATIONS.

Ridono i prati, e'l ciel ſi raſſerena;
    Giove s'allegra di mirar ſua figlia;
    L'aria, e l'acque, e la terra e d'amor piena;
    Ogni animal d'amar ſi riconſiglia:
Ma per me, laſſo, tornano i piu gravi
    Soſpiri, che del cor profondo tragge
    Quella ch' al ciel ſe ne portò le chiavi:
E cantar' augelletti, e fiorir piagge,
    E'n belle donne oneſte atti ſoavi,
    Sono un deſerto, e ſere aſpre e ſelvagge.

Loſt are thoſe treſſes, that outſhone the morn,
And pale thoſe cheeks, that might the ſkies adorn.
* Ah, death! thy hand has cropp'd the faireſt flower,
That ſhed its ſmiling rays in beauty's bower;
Thy dart has lay'd on yonder ſable bier
All my ſoul lov'd, and all the world held dear;
Celeſtial ſweetneſs, love-inſpiring youth,
Soft-ey'd benevolence, and white-rob'd truth.
† Hard fate of man, on whom the heavens beſtow
A drop of pleaſure for a ſea of woe!

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 17. Sonnet. 243.

Diſcolorato ai, morte, il piu bel volto
Che mai ſi vede, e'i piu begli occhi ſpenti;
Spirto piu acceſo di virtuti ardenti
Del piu leggiadro, e piu bel nodo ai ſciolto!

† Ver. 28. Sonnet, 230.

O noſtra vita, ch'è ſi bella in viſta!
Com' perde agevolmente in un' mattina
Quel che'n molt' anni a gran pena s' acquiſta.

Ah, life of care, in fears or hopes conſum'd,
Vain hopes, that wither ere they well have bloom'd!
How oft, emerging from the ſhades of night,
Laughs the gay morn, and ſpreads a purple light;
But ſoon the gathering clouds o'erſhade the ſkies,
Red lightnings play, and thundering ſtorms ariſe!
How oft a day, that fair and mild appears,
Grows dark with fate, and mars the toil of years!

* Not far remov'd, yet hid from diſtant eyes,
Low in her ſecret grot a Naiad lies.

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 33. See a deſcription of this celebrated fountain in a poem of Madame Deſhoulieres.

Entre de hauts rochers, dont l'aſpect eſt terrible,
Des pres toujours fleuris, des arbres toujours verds,
Une ſource orgueilleuſe et pure,
Dont l' eau ſur cent rochers divers
D' une mouſſe verte couverts,
S' épanche, bouillonne, et murmure;
Des agneaux bondiſſans ſur la tendre verdure,
Et de leurs conducteurs les ruſtiques concerts, &c.

Steep arching rocks, with verdant moſs o'ergrown,
Form her rude diadem, and native throne:
There in a gloomy cave her waters ſleep,
Clear as a brook, but as an ocean deep.
Yet, when the waking flowers of April blow,
And warmer ſunbeams melt the gather'd ſnow;
Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains,
The nymph, exulting, burſts her ſilver chains;
Her living waves in ſparkling columns riſe,
And ſhine like rainbows to the ſunny ſkies;
From cliff to cliff the falling waters roar;
Then die in murmurs, and are heard no more.
Hence, ſoftly flowing in a dimpled ſtream,
The cryſtal Sorga ſpreads a lively gleam;
From which a thouſand rills in mazes glide,
And deck the banks with ſummer's gayeſt pride;
Brighten the verdure of the ſmiling plains,
And crown the labour of the joyful ſwains.

First on theſe banks (ah, dream of ſhort delight!)
The charms of Laura ſtruck my dazzled ſight;
Charms, that the bliſs of Eden might reſtore,
That heaven might envy, and mankind adore.

I ſaw—and O! what heart could long rebel?
I ſaw, I lov'd, and bade the world farewel.
Where'er ſhe mov'd, the meads were freſh and gay,
And every bower exhal'd the ſweets of May;
Smooth flow'd the ſtreams, and ſoftly blew the gale;
The riſing flowers impurpled every dale;
Calm was the ocean, and the ſky ſerene;
An univerſal ſmile o'erſpread the ſhining ſcene:
But when in death's cold arms entranc'd ſhe lay,
(* Ah, ever dear, yet ever fatal day!)
O'er all the air a direful gloom was ſpread;
Pale were the meads, and all their bloſſoms dead;
The clouds of April ſhed a baleful dew,
All nature wore a veil of deadly hue.

Go, plaintive breeze, to Laura's flowery bier,
Heave the warm ſigh, and ſhed the tender tear.
There to the awful ſhade due homage pay,
And ſoftly thus addreſs the ſacred clay:

---

* Laura was firſt ſeen by Petrarch on the ſixth of April in the year 1327; and ſhe died on the ſame day in 1348.

"* Say, envied earth, that doſt thoſe charms infold,
"Where are thoſe cheeks, and where thoſe locks of gold?
"Where are thoſe eyes, which oft the Muſe has ſung?
"Where thoſe ſweet lips, and that enchanting tongue?
"Ye radiant treſſes, and thou, nectar'd ſmile;
"Ye looks that might the melting ſkies beguile;
"You robb'd my ſoul of reſt, my eyes of ſleep;
"You taught me how to love, and how to weep."

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 75. Sonnet. 260.

Quanta invidia ti porto, avara terra,
Ch' abbracci quella, cui veder m' è tolto.

And Sonnet. 259.

Ov' è la fronte, che con picciol cenno
Volgea 'l mio core in queſta parte, e'n quella?
Ov' è 'l bel ciglio, e l' una e l' altra ſtella,
Ch' al corſo del mio viver lume denno? &c.

* No ſhrub o'erhangs the dew-beſpangled vale,
No bloſſom trembles to the dying gale,
No floweret bluſhes in the morning rays,
No ſtream along the winding valley plays,
But knows what anguiſh thrills my tortur'd breaſt,
What pains conſume me, and what cares infeſt.
* At bluſh of dawn, and in the gloom of night,
Her pale-eyed phantom ſwims before my ſight,

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 83. Sonnet. 248.

Non è ſterpe, ne ſaſſo in queſti monti,
Non ramo o fronda verde in queſte piagge;
Non fior' in queſte valli, o foglia d'erba;
Stilla d' acque non ven di queſte fonti,
Ne fiere an queſti boſchi ſi ſelvagge,
Che non ſappian quant' è mia pena acerba.

† Ver 89. Sonnet. 241.

Or' in forma di ninfa, o d' altra diva,
Che del più chiaro fondo di Sorga eſca,
E pongaſi a ſeder' in ſu la riva:
Or' l' o veduta ſu per l'erba freſca
Calcar' i fior, com' una donna viva,
Moſtrando in viſta, che di me le'ncreſca.

Sits on the border of each purling rill,
Crowns every bower, and glides o'er every hill.
* Flows the loud rivulet down the mountain's brow?
Or pants the Zephyr on the waving bough?
Or ſips the labouring bee her balmy dews,
And with ſoft ſtrains her fragrant toil purſues?
Or warbles from yon ſilver-bloſſom'd thorn
The wakeful bird, that hails the riſing morn?

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 93. Sonnet. 239.

Se lamentar' augelli, o verdi fronde
  Mover ſoavemente all' aura eſtiva,
  O roco mormorar di lucid' onde
  S'ode d'una fiorita e freſca riva,
La v' io ſeggia d' amor penſoſo, e ſcriva;
  Lei che'l ciel ne moſtrò, terra naſconde,
  Veggio, ed odo, ed intendo, ch' ancor viva
  Di ſi lontano a' ſoſpir miei riſponde.
Deh! perche innanzi tempo ti conſume?
  Mi dice con pietate, a che pur verſi
  Dagli occhi triſti un doloroſo fiume?
Di me non pianger tu; che miei di ferſi,
  Morendo, eterni, e nell' eterno lume,
  Quando moſtrai di chiuder gl' occhi, aperſi.

My Laura's voice in many a ſoothing note
Floats through the yielding air, or ſeems to float:

“ Why fill thy ſighs, ſhe ſays, this lonely bower?
“ Why down thy boſom flows this endleſs ſhower?
“ Complain no more; but hope ere long to meet
“ Thy much-lov'd Laura in a happier ſeat.
“ Here fairer ſcenes detain my parted ſhade;
“ Suns that ne'er ſet, and flowers that never fade:
“ Through cryſtal ſkies I wing my joyous flight,
“ And revel in eternal blaze of light;
“ See all thy wanderings in that vale of tears,
“ And ſmile at all thy hopes, at all thy fears:
“ Death wak'd my ſoul, that ſlept in life before,
“ And op'd theſe brighten'd eyes, to ſleep no more.”

She ends: the fates, that will no more reveal,
Fix on her cloſing lips their ſacred ſeal.
“ Return, ſweet ſhade! I wake, and fondly ſay,
“ O, cheer my gloom with one far-beaming ray!
“ Return: thy charms my ſorrow will diſpel,
“ And ſnatch my ſpirit from her mortal cell;
“ Then, mix'd with thine, exulting ſhe ſhall fly,
“ And bound enraptur'd through her native ſky.”

She comes no more: my pangs more fierce return;
Tears guſh in ſtreams, and ſighs my boſom burn.
* Ye banks, that oft my weary limbs have born;
Ye murmuring brooks, that learnt of me to mourn;
Ye birds, that tune with me your plaintive lay;
Ye groves, where Love once taught my ſteps to ſtray;
You, ever ſweet and ever fair, renew
Your ſtrains melodious, and your blooming hue;
But not in my ſad heart can bliſs remain,
My heart, the haunt of never-ceaſing pain!

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 123. Sonnet. 261.

Valle, che de' lamenti miei ſe' piena;
Fiume, che ſpeſſo del mio pianger creſci;
Fere ſelveſtre, vaghi augelli, e peſci,
Che l' una, e l' altra verde riva affrena;
Aria de' miei ſoſpir' calda e ſerena;
Dolce ſentier, che ſi amaro rieſci;
Colle, che mi piaceſti, or mi rincreſci;
Ov' ancor per uſanza Amor mi mena;
Ben riconoſco in voi l'uſate forme,
Non, laſſo, in me, che da ſi lieta viſta,
Son fatto albergo d'infinita doglia.

Henceforth, to ſing in ſmoothly-warbled lays
The ſmiles of youth, and beauty's heavenly rays;
* To ſee the morn her early charms unfold,
Her cheeks of roſes, and her curls of gold;
† Led by the ſacred Muſe at noon to rove
O'er tufted mountain, vale, or ſhady grove;

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 133. Sonnet. 251.

Quand' io veggio dal ciel ſcender l'Aurora,
Con la fronte di roſe, e co' crin d' oro.

† Ver. 135. Sonnet. 272.

Ne per ſereno ciel ir vaghe ſtelle;
Ne per tranquillo mar legni ſpalmati;
Ne per campagne cavalieri armati;
Ne per bei boſchi allegre fere e ſnelle;
Ne d' aſpettato ben freſche novelle,
Ne dir d'Amore in ſtili alti ed ornati;
Ne tra chiare fontane, e verdi prati
Dolce cantare oneſte donne e belle;
Ne altro ſarà mai ch' al cor m' aggiunga,
Si ſeco il ſeppe quella ſepellire,
Che ſola a gli occhi miei fu lume e ſpeglio.

To watch the ſtars, that gild the lucid pole,
And view yon orbs in mazy order roll;
To hear the tender nightingale complain,
And warble to the woods her amorous ſtrain;
No more ſhall theſe my penſive ſoul delight,
But each gay viſion melts in endleſs night.
* Nymphs, who in glimmeriug glades by moonlight dance,
And ye, who through the liquid cryſtal glance,
Who oft have heard my ſadly-pleaſing moan;
Behold me now a lifeleſs marble grown.
Ah! lead me to the tomb where Laura lies;
Clouds, fold me round; and, gather'd darkneſs, riſe;
Bear me, ye gales, in death's ſoft ſlumber lay'd;
And, ye bright realms, receive my fleeting ſhade!

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 143. Sounet. 263.

O vaghi abitator de' verdi boſchi,
O Ninfe, e voi, che'l freſco erboſo fondo
Del liquido criſtallo alberga e paſce.

⁂

A
TURKISH ODE
OF MESIHI.

HEAR how the nightingales, on every ſpray,
Hail in wild notes the ſweet return of May!
The gale, that o'er yon waving almond blows,
The verdant bank with ſilver bloſſoms ſtrows:
The ſmiling ſeaſon decks each flowery glade.
Be gay: too ſoon the flowers of Spring will fade.

DINLEH bulbul kiſſa ſen kim gildi eiami behar,
Kurdi her bir baghda hengamei hengami behar,
Oldi ſim afſhan ana ezhari badami behar
Yſh u nuſh it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Thou heareſt the tale of the nightingale, "that the vernal ſeaſon "approaches." The Spring has ſpread a bower of joy in every grove, where the almond-tree ſheds its ſilver bloſſoms. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring paſſes ſoon away: it will not laſt.

What gales of fragrance ſcent the vernal air!
Hills, dales, and woods, their lovelieſt mantles wear.
Who knows what cares await that fatal day,
When ruder guſts ſhall baniſh gentle May?
Ev'n death, perhaps, our valleys will invade.
Be gay: too ſoon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The tulip now its varied hue diſplays,
And ſheds, like Ahmed's eye, celeſtial rays.
Ah, nation ever faithful, ever true,
The joys of youth, while May invites, purſue!
Will not theſe notes your timorous minds perſuade?
Be gay: too ſoon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Yineh enwei ſhukufileh bezendi bagh u ragh,
Yſh ichun kurdi chichekler ſahni gulſhenda otagh,
Kim bilur ol behareh dek kih u kim ola ſagh?
Yſh u nuſh it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Tarafi gulſhen nuri Ahmed birleh malamaldur,
Sebzelerinda ſebabeh lalehi kheirulakdur,
Hei Mohammed ummeti wakti huzuri haldur.
Yſh u nuſh it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

The groves and hills are again adorned with all ſorts of flowers: a pavilion of roſes, as the ſeat of pleaſure, is raiſed in the garden. Who knows which of us will be alive when the fair ſeaſon ends? Be cheerful, &c.

The edge of the bower is filled with the light of Ahmed: among the plants the fortunate tulips repreſent his companions. Come. O people of Mohammed, this is the ſeaſon of merriment. Be cheerful, &c.

The ſparkling dewdrops o'er the lilies play,
Like orient pearls, or like the beams of day.
If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,
Attend, ye nymphs! (a poet's words are ſage).
While thus you ſit beneath the trembling ſhade,
Be gay: too ſoon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The freſh blown roſe like Zeineb's cheek appears,
When pearls, like dewdrops, glitter in her ears.
The charms of youth at once are ſeen and paſt;
And nature ſays, "They are too ſweet to laſt."
So blooms the roſe; and ſo the bluſhing maid!
Be gay: too ſoon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Kildi ſhebnem yineh jeuherdari tighi ſuſeni,
Zhalehler aldi hewai doiyile leh gulſhene,
Gher temaſha iſeh makſudin beni eſſeh beni.
Yſh u nuſh it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Rukhleri rengin giuzellar dur gulileh lalehlar,
Kim kulaklarineh durlu jeuher aſmiſh zhalehlar,
Aldanup ſanma ki bunlar boileh baki kalehlar.
Yſh u nuſh it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Again the dew glitters on the leaves of the lily, like the water of a bright ſcymitar. The dewdrops fall through the air on the garden of roſes. Liſten to me, liſten to me, if thou deſireſt to be delighted. Be cheerful, &c.

The roſes and tulips are like the bright cheeks of beautiful maids, in whoſe ears the pearls hang like drops of dew. Deceive not thyſelf, by thinking that theſe charms will have a long duration. Be cheerful, &c.

See yon anemonies their leaves unfold,
With rubies flaming, and with living gold!
While cryſtal ſhowers from weeping clouds deſcend,
Enjoy the preſence of thy tuneful friend.
Now, while the wines are brought, the ſofa's lay'd,
Be gay: too ſoon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead,
No more the roſe-bud hangs her penſive head:
The ſhrubs revive in valleys, meads, and bowers,
And every ſtalk is diadem'd with flowers;
In ſilken robes each hillock ſtands array'd.
Be gay: too ſoon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Guliſtanda giorunin laleh u gul naoman leh
Baghda kan aldi ſhemſun nihteri baran leh.
Arefun bu demi khoſh gior bu giun yaran leh,
Yſh u nuſh it kim gicher kalmaz bu ciami behar.

Gitti ol demler ki olup ſebzeler ſahib feraſh,
Guncheh fikri gulſhenun olmiſhdi bagherinda baſh,
Gildi bir dem kim karardi laleh lerle dagh u taſh,
Yſh u nuſh it kim gicher kalmaz bu ciami behar.

Tulips, roſes, and anemonies, appear in the gardens: the ſhowers and the ſunbeams, like ſharp lancets, tinge the banks with the colour of blood. Spend this day agreeably with thy friends, like a prudent man. Be cheerful, &c.

The time is paſſed in which the plants were ſick, and the roſe-bud hung its thoughtful head on its boſom. The ſeaſon comes in which mountains and rocks are coloured with tulips. Be cheerful, &c.

Clear drops each morn impearl the roſe's bloom,
And from its leaf the Zephyr drinks perfume;
The dewy buds expand their lucid ſtore:
Be this our wealth: ye damſels, aſk no more.
Though wiſe men envy, and though fools upbraid,
Be gay: too ſoon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The dewdrops, ſprinkled by the muſky gale,
Are chang'd to eſſence ere they reach the dale.
The mild blue ſky a rich pavilion ſpreads,
Without our labour, o'er our favour'd heads.
Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade.
Be gay: too ſoon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Ebr gulzari uſtuneh her ſubh goher bariken,
Neſhei badi ſeher por naſei tatariken:
Ghafil olmeh alemun mahbublighi wariken.
Yſh u nuſh it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Buyi gulzar itti ſholdenlu hewai muſhknab
Kim yereh inengeh olur ketrei ſhebnem gulabi.
Cherkh otak kurdi guliſtan uſtuneh gionlik ſehab.
Yſh u nuſh it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Each morning the clouds ſhed gems over the roſe-garden: the breath of the gale is full of Tartarian muſk. Be not neglectful of thy duty through too great a love of the world. Be cheerful, &c.

The ſweetneſs of the bower has made the air ſo fragrant, that the dew, before it falls, is changed into roſe-water. The ſky ſpreads a pavilion of bright clouds over the garden. Be cheerful, &c.

Let

Late gloomy winter chill'd the ſullen air,
Till Soliman aroſe, and all was fair.
Soft in his reign the notes of love reſound,
And pleaſure's roſy cup goes freely round.
Here on the bank, which mantling vines o'erſhade,
Be gay: too ſoon the flowers of Spring will fade.

May this rude lay from age to age remain,
A true memorial of this lovely train.
Come, charming maid, and hear thy poet ſing,
Thyſelf the roſe, and He the bird of ſpring:
Love bids him ſing, and Love will be obey'd.
Be gay: too ſoon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Guliſtanun her ne ſen aldi ſiah badi khuzan,
Adl idup bir bir jleh wardi yineh ſhahi jehan.
Deuletinda badehler kam oldi ſakii kamran.
Yſh u nuſh it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Omerem buleh, Meſihi, bu merbai iſhtibar,
Ehlene ola bu charabru u giuzeller yadgar,
Bulbuli khoſh gui ſen gulyuzluler leh yuriwar.
Yſh u nuſh it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Whoever thou art, know that the black guſts of autumn had ſeize the garden; but the king of the world again appeared diſpenſin juſtice to all: in his reign the happy cupbearer deſired and obtaine the flowing wine. Be cheerful, &c.

By theſe ſtrains I hoped to celebrate this delightful valley: ma they be a memorial to its inhabitants, and remind them of this aſſem bly, and theſe fair maids! Thou art a nightingale with a ſweet voic O Meſihi, when thou walkeſt with the damſels, whoſe cheeks are l roſes. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring paſſes fo away: it will not laſt.

THE SAME,

IN IMITATION OF THE

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

ALITES audis loquaces per nemora, per arbutos,
Veris adventum canentes tinnulo modulamine;
Dulcè luget per virentes mollis aura amygdalas:
Nunc amandum eſt, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

Ecce jam flores refulgent gemmeis honoribus,
Quique prata, quique ſaltûs, quique ſylvulas amant;
Quis ſcit an nox una nobis dormienda æterna ſit?
Nunc amandum eſt, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

Quantus eſt nitor roſarum! quantus hyacinthi decor!
Non ocellus, cùm renidet, eſt puellæ lætior:
Hic levi dies amori eſt, hic voluptati ſacer:
Nunc amandum eſt, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

Ecce baccatæ recentis guttulæ roris micant,
Per genam roſæ cadentes, perque mite lilium:
Auribus gratum, puellæ, ſit meum veſtris melos;
Nunc amandum eſt, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

Ut roſa in prato refulget, ſic teres virgo nitet,
Hæc onuſta margaritis, illa roris gemmulis:
Ne perenne vel puellæ vel roſæ ſperes decus.
Nunc amandum eſt, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

Aſpice, ut roſeta amictu diſcolori ſplendeant,
Prata dum fœcundat æther læta gratis imbribus,
Fervidos inter ſodales da voluptati diem.
Nunc amandum eſt, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

Jam ſitu deformis ægro non jacet roſæ calyx;
Ver adeſt, ver pingit hortos purpurantes floribus,
Perque ſaxa, perque colles, perque lucos emicat:
Nunc amandum eſt, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

Ecce, per roſæ papillas ſuavè rident guttulae,
Quas odorifer reſolvit lenis aurae ſpiritus;
Hae pyropis, hae ſmaragdis cariores Indicis.
Nunc amandum eſt, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit, abit!

Is tenellis per vireta ſpirat è roſis odor,
Ut novum ſtillans amomum ros in herbas decidat,
Suavè olentibus coronans lacrymis conopeum.
Nunc amandum eſt, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit, abit!

Acris olim cum malignis ſaeviit ventis hyems;
Sed roſeto, ſolis inſtar, regis affulſit nitor;
Floruit nemus repentè, dulce manavit merum:
Nunc amandum eſt, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit, abit!

His iners modis, Meſihi, melleam aptabas chelyn;
Veris ales eſt poeta; verna cantat gaudia,
Et roſas carpit tepentes è puellarum genis.
Nunc amandum eſt, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit, abit!

ARCADIA,

A PASTORAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following paſtoral was written in the year 1762; but the author, finding ſome tolerable paſſages in it, was induced to correct it afterwards, and to give it a place in this collection. He took the hint of it from an allegory of Mr. Addiſon, in the thirty-ſecond paper of the Guardian; which is ſet down in the margin, that the reader may ſee where he has copied the original, and where he has deviated from it. In this piece, as it now ſtands, Menalcas, king of the ſhepherds, means Theocritus, the moſt ancient, and perhaps the beſt, writer of paſtorals: and by his two daughters, Daphne and Hyla, muſt be underſtood the two ſorts of paſtoral poetry; the one elegant and poliſhed, the other ſimple and unadorned; in both of which he excelled. Virgil, whom Pope chiefly followed, ſeems to have borne away the palm in the higher ſort; and Spenſer, whom Gay imitated with ſucceſs, had equal merit in the more ruſtick ſtyle: theſe two poets, therefore, may juſtly be ſuppoſed in this allegory to have inherited his kingdom of Arcadia.

* * *

ARCADIA.

IN thoſe fair plains, where glittering Ladon roll'd
His wanton labyrinth o'er ſands of gold,
Menalcas reign'd: from Pan his lineage came;
Rich were his vales, and deathleſs was his fame.
When youth impell'd him, and when love inſpir'd,
The liſtening nymphs his Dorick lays admir'd:

IMITATIONS.

Guardian, Nº 32.

In ancient times there dwelt in a pleaſant vale of Arcadia a man of very ample poſſeſſions, named Menalcas, who, deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very ſtrictly up to the rules of the paſtoral life, as it was in the golden age.

To hear his notes the ſwains with rapture flew;
A ſofter pipe no ſhepherd ever blew.
But now, oppreſs'd beneath the load of age,
Belov'd, reſpected, venerable, ſage,
* Of heroes, demigods, and gods he ſung;
His reed neglected on a poplar hung:
Yet all the rules, that young Arcadians keep,
He kept, and watch'd each morn his bleating ſheep.

Two lovely daughters were his deareſt care;
Both mild as May, and both as April fair:
Love, where they mov'd, each youthful breaſt inflam'd;
And Daphne this, and Hyla that was nam'd.
† The firſt was baſhful as a blooming bride,
And all her mien diſplay'd a decent pride;

IMITATIONS.

† He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a moſt enchanting beauty, of a moſt eaſy and unaffected air; but, having been bred up wholly in the country, was baſhful to the laſt degree.

NOTE.

* This couplet alludes to the higher Idyllia of Theocritus; as the Ἐγκώμιον εἰς Πτολεμαῖον, the Διόσκουροι, and others, which are of the heroic kind.

Her treſſes, braided in a curious knot,
Were cloſe confin'd, and not a hair forgot;
Where many a flower, in myſtick order plac'd,
With myrtle twin'd, her ſilken fillet grac'd;
Nor with leſs neatneſs was her robe diſpos'd,
And every fold a pleaſing art diſclos'd;
Her ſandals of the brighteſt ſilk were made,
And, as ſhe walk'd, gave luſtre to the ſhade;
A graceful eaſe in every ſtep was ſeen,
She mov'd a ſhepherdeſs, yet look'd a queen.
Her ſiſter ſcorn'd to dwell in arching bowers,
Or deck her locks with wreaths of fading flowers;
O'er her bare ſhoulder flow'd her auburn hair,
And, fann'd by Zephyrs, floated on the air;
Green were her buſkins, green the veſt ſhe wore,
And in her hand a knotty crook ſhe bore.
* The voice of Daphne might all pains diſarm;
Yet, heard too long, its ſweetneſs ceas'd to charm:

IMITATIONS.

* She had a voice that was exceedingly ſweet; yet had a ruſticity in her tone, which, however, to moſt who heard her ſeemed an additional charm. Though in her converſation in general ſhe was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were

But none were tir'd when artleſs Hyla ſung,
Though ſomething ruſtick warbled from her tongue.

Thus both in beauty grew, and both in fame,
Their manners different, yet their charms the ſame.
The young Arcadians, tuneful from their birth,
To love devoted, and to rural mirth,
Beheld, and fondly lov'd the royal maids,
And ſung their praiſe in valleys, lawns, and glades;
From morn to lateſt eve they wept, and ſigh'd;
And ſome for Daphna, ſome for Hyla, died:
Each day new preſents to the nymphs they bore,
And in gay order ſpread the ſhining ſtore;
Some beechen bowls and poliſh'd ſheephooks brought,
With ebon knots, and ſtuds of ſilver, wrought;
Some led in flowery bands the playful fawn,
Or bounding roe, that ſpurn'd the graſſy lawn;
The reſt on nature's blooming gifts relied,
And rais'd their ſlender hopes on beauty's pride:

IMITATIONS.

numerous, ſhe was ſo coy, that many left her in diſguſt after a tedious courtſhip, and matched themſelves where they were better received.

But the coy maids, regardleſs of their pain,
Their vows derided, and their plaintive ſtrain.
Hence ſome, whom love with lighter flames had fir'd,
Broke their ſoft flutes, and in deſpair retir'd;
To milder damſels told their amorous tale,
And found a kinder Daphne in the vale.

It happen'd on a cheerful morn of May,
When every meadow ſmil'd in freſh array,
The ſhepherds, riſing at an early hour,
In crouds aſſembled round the regal bower,
There hail'd in ſprightly notes the peerleſs maids;
And tender accents trembled through the glades.
Menalcas, whom the larks with many a lay
Had call'd from ſlumber at the dawn of day,
By chance was roving through a bordering dale,
And heard the ſwains their youthful woes bewail.
He knew the cauſe; for long his prudent mind
To ſooth their cares indulgently deſign'd:
Slow he approach'd; then wav'd his awful hand,
And, leaning on his crook, addreſs'd the liſtening band.

"Arcadian ſhepherds, to my words attend!
In ſilence hear your monarch, and your friend.

Your fruitleſs pains, which none can diſapprove,
Excite my pity, not my anger move.
Two gentle maids, the ſolace of my age,
Fill all my ſoul, and all my care engage;
When death ſhall join me to the pale-ey'd throng,
To them my ſylvan empire will belong;
But, leſt with them the royal line ſhould fail,
And civil diſcord fill this happy vale,
Two choſen youths the beauteous nymphs muſt wed,
To ſhare their power, and grace the genial bed:
* So may the ſwains our ancient laws obey,
And all Arcadia own their potent ſway.
But what ſage counſel can their choice direct?
Whom can the nymphs prefer, or whom reject?
So like your paſſion, and ſo like your ſtrain,
That all deſerve, yet cannot all obtain.

IMITATIONS.

* For Menalcas had not only reſolved to take a ſon-in-law, who ſhould inviolably maintain the cuſtoms of his family; but had received one evening, as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form from a Faun, or, as ſome ſay, from Oberon the Fairy, with a particular charge, not to beſtow his daughter on any one who could not play the ſame tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

Hear then my tale: as late, by fancy led
To ſteep Cyllene's ever-vocal head,
With winding ſteps I wander'd through the wood,
And pour'd wild notes, a Faun before me ſtood;
A flute he held, which as he ſoftly blew,
The feather'd warblers to the ſound he drew;
Then to my hand the precious gift conſign'd,
And ſaid, "Menalcas, eaſe thy wondering mind:
"This pipe, on which the god of ſhepherds play'd,
"When love inflam'd him, and the * viewleſs maid,
"Receive: ev'n Pan thy tuneful ſkill confeſs'd,
"And after Pan thy lips will grace it beſt.
"Thy daughter's beauty every breaſt inſpires,
"And all thy kingdom glows with equal fires:
"But let thoſe favour'd youths alone ſucceed,
"Who blow with matchleſs art this heavenly reed."
† This ſaid, he diſappear'd. Then hear my will:
Be bold, ye lovers, and exert your ſkill;

IMITATIONS.

† When the time that he deſigned to give her in marriage was near at hand, he publiſhed a decree, whereby he invited

NOTE.

* Echo.

Be they my ſons, who ſing the ſofteſt ſtrains,
And tune to ſweeteſt notes their pleaſing pains:
But mark! whoe'er ſhall by too harſh a lay
Offend our ears, and from our manners ſtray,
He, for our favour, and our throne unfit,
To ſome diſgraceful penance muſt ſubmit."

He ends; the ſhepherds at his words rejoice,
And praiſe their ſovereign with a grateful voice.
Each ſwain believes the lovely prize his own,
And ſits triumphant on th' ideal throne;
Kind Vanity their want of art ſupplies,
And gives indulgent what the Muſe denies;
Gay veſts and flowery garlands each prepares,
And each the dreſs, that ſuits his fancy, wears.

IMITATIONS.

the neighbouring youths to make trial of this muſical inſtrument, with promiſe, that the victor ſhould poſſeſs his daughter on condition that the vanquiſhed ſhould ſubmit to what puniſhment he thought fit to inflict. Thoſe, who were not yet diſcouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dreſs and equipage ſuitable to their

Now deeper bluſhes ting'd the glowing ſky,
And evening rais'd her ſilver lamp on high;
When, in a bower by Ladon's lucid ſtream,
Where not a ſtar could dart his piercing beam,
So thick the curling eglantines diſplay'd,
With woodbines join'd, an aromatick ſhade,
The father of the blooming nymphs reclin'd,
His hoary locks with ſacred laurel twin'd:
The royal damſels, ſeated by his ſide,
Shone like two flowers in ſummer's faireſt pride:
The ſwains before them crouded in a ring,
Prepar'd to blow the flute, or ſweetly ſing.

First, in the midſt a graceful youth aroſe,
Born in thoſe fields where cryſtal Mele flows:

IMITATIONS.

reſpective fancies. The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear ſtream murmured in many irregular meanders. The ſhepherds made a ſpacious ring for the contending lovers; and in one part of it there ſat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damſel crowned with roſes and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a ſlight green ſtuff;

His air was courtly, his complexion fair;
And rich perfumes ſhed ſweetneſs from his hair,
That o'er his ſhoulder wav'd in flowing curls,
With roſes braided, and inwreath'd with pearls;
A wand of cedar for his crook he bore;
His ſlender foot th' Arcadian ſandal wore,
Yet that ſo rich, it ſeem'd to fear the ground,
With beaming gems and ſilken ribbands bound;
The plumage of an oſtrich grac'd his head,
And with embroider'd flowers his mantle was o'erſpread.

IMITATIONS.

ſtuff; ſhe had her ſheephook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other. The firſt who approached her was a youth of a graceful preſence and a courtly air, but dreſſed in a richer habit than had ever been ſeen in Arcadia. He wore a crimſon veſt, cut, indeed, after the ſhepherd's faſhion, but ſo enriched with embroidery, and ſparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the ſpectators were diverted from conſidering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his ſheephook glittered with gold and enamel. He applied the pipe to his lips, and began a tune, which he ſet off with ſo many graces and

* He ſung the darling of th' Idalian queen,
Fall'n in his prime on ſad Cythera's green;
When weeping graces left the faded plains,
And tun'd their ſtrings to elegiack ſtrains;
While mourning Loves the tender burden bore,
“ Adonis, fair Adonis, charms no more.”
The theme diſpleas'd the nymph, whoſe ruder ear
The tales of ſimple ſhepherds lov'd to hear.
The maids and youths, who ſaw the ſwain advance,
And take the fatal pipe, prepar'd to dance;
So wildly, ſo affectedly, he play'd,
His tune ſo various and uncouth he made,
That not a dancer could in cadence move,
And not a nymph the quaver'd notes approve:

IMITATIONS.

quavers, that the ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, who had paired themſelves in order to dance, could not follow it; as indeed it required great ſkill and regularity of ſteps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be ſtripped of his coſtly robes, and to be clad in a ruſſet weed, and to tend the flocks in the valleys for a year and a day.

NOTE.

* See Bion, Moſchus, &c.

They broke their ranks, and join'd the circling train,
While burſts of laughter ſounded o'er the plain.
Menalcas rais'd his hand, and bade retire
The ſilken courtier from th' Arcadian choir:
Two eager ſhepherds, at the king's command,
Rent his gay plume, and ſnapp'd his poliſh'd wand;
They tore his veſt, and o'er his boſom threw
A weed of homely grain and ruſſet hue;
Then fill'd with wither'd herbs his ſcented locks,
And ſcornful drove him to the low-brow'd rocks;
There doom'd to rove, deſerted and forlorn,
Till thrice the moon had arch'd her ſilver horn.

* The next that roſe, and took the myſtick reed,
Was wrapp'd ungraceful in a ſordid weed:

" * The ſecond that appeared was in a very different garb. He was cloathed in a garment of rough goat-ſkins, his hair was matted, his beard neglected; in his perſon uncouth, and awkward in his gait. He came up fleering to the nymph, and told her, " He had hugged his lambs, and kiſſed his young kids, but he " hoped to kiſs one that was ſweeter." The fair one bluſhed with modeſty and anger, and prayed ſecretly againſt him as

ſhe

A ſhaggy hide was o'er his ſhoulder ſpread,
And wreaths of noxious darnel bound his head;
Unſhorn his beard, and tangled was his hair,
He rudely walk'd, and thus addreſs'd the fair:
“ My kids I fondle, and my lambs I kiſs;
“ Ah! grant, ſweet maid, a more delightful bliſs.”
The damſels bluſh with anger and diſdain,
And turn indignant from the ſhameleſs ſwain;
To Pan in ſilence, and to Love, they pray,
To make his muſick hateful as his lay.
The gods aſſent: the flute he roughly takes,
And ſcarce with pain a grating murmur makes;
But when in jarring notes he forc'd his ſong,
Juſt indignation fir'd the rural throng:
Shame of Arcadia's bowers! the youths exclaim,
Whoſe tuneleſs lays diſgrace a ſhepherd's name!

IMITATIONS.

ſhe gave him the pipe. He ſnatched it from her, but with great difficulty made it ſound; which was in ſuch harſh and jarring notes, that the ſhepherds cried one and all that he underſtood no muſick. He was immediately ordered to the moſt craggy parts of Arcadia to keep the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

The watchful heralds, at Menalcas' nod,
Purſued the ruſtick with a vengeful rod;
Condemn'd three ſummers on the rocky ſhore
To feed his goats, and touch a pipe no more.

* Now to the ring a portly ſwain advanc'd,
Who neither wholly walk'd, nor wholly danc'd;
Yet mov'd in pain, ſo cloſe his crimſon veſt
Was claſp'd uneaſy o'er his ſtraining breaſt:
† "Fair nymph, ſaid he, the roſes, which you wear,
"Your charms improve not, but their own impair."

IMITATIONS.

* The third that advanced appeared in clothes that were ſo ſtrait and uneaſy to him, that he ſeemed to move in pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look, and ſtately pace, and ſaid, "Divine Amaryllis, you wear not thoſe roſes "to improve your beauty, but to make them aſhamed." As ſhe did not comprehend his meaning, ſhe preſented the inſtrument without reply. The tune that he played was ſo intricate and perplexing, that the ſhepherds ſtood ſtill like people aſtoniſhed and confounded.

NOTE.

† See Taſſo, Guarini, Fontenelle, Camoens, Garcilaſſo, and Lope de la Vega; and other writers of paſtorals in Italian, French, Portugueſe, and Spaniſh.

The maids, unus'd to flowers of eloquence,
Smil'd at the words, but could not gueſs their ſenſe.
When in his hand the ſacred reed he took,
Long time he view'd it with a penſive look;
Then gave it breath, and rais'd a ſhriller note
Than when the bird of morning ſwells his throat;
Through every interval, now low, now high,
Swift o'er the ſtops his fingers ſeem'd to fly:
The youths, who heard ſuch muſick with ſurprize,
Gaz'd on the tuneful bard with wondering eyes:
He ſaw with ſecret pride their deep amaze,
Then ſaid, * "Arcadia ſhall reſound my praiſe,
"And every clime my powerful art ſhall own;
"This, this, ye ſwains, is melody alone:
"To me Amphion taught the heavenly ſtrains,
"Amphion, born on rich Heſperian plains."

---

* In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of muſick compoſed by the moſt ſkilful maſter of Heſperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a ſtranger, hoſpitably took compaſſion on him, and delivered him to an old ſhepherd, who was ordered to get him clothes that would fit him, and teach him how to ſpeak plain.

To whom Menalcas: "Stranger, we admire
"Thy notes melodious, and thy rapturous fire;
"But ere to theſe fair valleys thou return,
"Adopt our manners, and our language learn:
"Some aged ſhepherd ſhall thy air improve,
"And teach thee how to ſpeak, and how to move."

* Soon to the bower a modeſt ſtripling came,
Faireſt of ſwains; and † Tityrus his name:
Mild was his look, an eaſy grace he ſhow'd,
And o'er his beauteous limbs a decent mantle flow'd:
As through the croud he preſs'd, the ſylvan choir
His mien applauded, and his neat attire;
And Daphne, yet untaught in amorous lore,
Felt ſtrange deſires, and pains unknown before.

IMITATIONS.

* The fourth that ſtepped forward was young Amyntas, the moſt beautiful of all the Arcadian ſwains, and ſecretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the ſame colours as the maid for whom he ſighed. He moved towards her with an eaſy, but unaſſured, air: ſhe bluſhed as he came near her; and when ſhe gave him the fatal preſent, they both trembled, but neither

NOTE.

† The name ſuppoſed to be taken by Virgil in his firſt paſtoral.

could

He now begins; the dancing hills attend,
And knotty oaks from mountain-tops deſcend:
He ſings of ſwains beneath the beechen ſhade,
* When lovely Amaryllis fill'd the glade;
Next, in a ſympathizing lay, complains
Of love unpitied, and the lover's pains:
But when with art the hallow'd pipe he blew,
What deep attention huſh'd the rival crew!
He play'd ſo ſweetly, and ſo ſweetly ſung,
That on each note th' enraptur'd audience hung;
Ev'n blue-hair'd nymphs, from Ladon's limpid ſtream,
Rais'd their bright heads, and liſten'd to the theme;
Then through the yielding waves in tranſport glanc'd;
Whilſt on the banks the joyful ſhepherds danc'd:

IMITATIONS.

could ſpeak. Having ſecretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth ſuch melodious notes, that, though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The ſwains immediately mingled in the dance; and the old ſhepherds affirmed, that they had often heard ſuch muſick by night, which they imagined to be played by ſome of the rural deities.

NOTE.

* Formoſam reſonare doces Amaryllida ſylvam. *Virg.*

132

"We oft, ſaid they, at cloſe of evening flowers,
"Have heard ſuch muſick in the vocal bowers:
"We wonder'd; for we thought ſome amorous god,
"That on a ſilver moonbeam ſwiftly rode,
"Had fann'd with ſtarry plumes the floating air,
"And touch'd his harp, to charm ſome mortal fair."

He ended; and as rolling billows loud
His praiſe reſounded from the circling croud.
The clamorous tumult ſoftly to compoſe,
High in the midſt the plaintive * Colin roſe,
Born on the lilied banks of royal Thame,
Which oft had rung with Roſalinda's name;
Fair, yet neglected; neat, yet unadorn'd;
The pride of dreſs, and flowers of art, he ſcorn'd:
And, like the nymph who fir'd his youthful breaſt,
Green were his buſkins, green his ſimple veſt:
With careleſs eaſe his ruſtick lays he ſung,
And melody flow'd ſmoothly from his tongue:
Of June's gay fruits and Auguſt's corn he told,
The bloom of April, and December's cold;

NOTE.

* Colin is the name that Spenſer takes in his paſtorals; and Roſalinda is that under which he celebrates his miſtreſs.

* The loves of ſhepherds, and their harmleſs cheer
In every month that decks the varied year.
Now on the flute with equal grace he play'd,
And his ſoft numbers died along the ſhade;
The ſkilful dancers to his accents mov'd,
And every voice his eaſy tune approv'd;
Ev'n Hyla, blooming maid, admir'd the ſtrain,
While through her boſom ſhot a pleaſing pain.

Now all were huſh'd: no rival durſt ariſe;
Pale were their cheeks, and full of tears their eyes.
Menalcas, riſing from his flowery ſeat,
Thus, with a voice majeſtically ſweet,
Addreſs'd th' attentive throng: "Arcadians, hear!
"The ſky grows dark, and beamy ſtars appear:
"Haſte to the vale; the bridal bowers prepare,
"And hail with joy Menalcas' tuneful heir.
"Thou, Tityrus, of ſwains the pride and grace,
"Shalt claſp ſoft Daphne in thy fond embrace:
"And thou, young Colin, in thy willing arms
"Shalt fold my Hyla, fair in native charms
"O'er theſe ſweet plains divided empire hold,
"And to your lateſt race tranſmit an age of gold.

NOTE.

* See the Shepherd's Kalendar.

"What ſplendid viſions riſe before my ſight,
"And fill my aged boſom with delight!
"* Henceforth of wars and conqueſt ſhall you ſing,
"ARMS AND THE MAN in every clime ſhall ring:
"Thy muſe, bold Maro, Tityrus no more,
"Shall tell of chiefs that left the Phrygian ſhore,
"Sad Dido's love, and Venus' wandering ſon,
"The Latians vanquiſh'd, and Lavinia won.
"And thou, O Colin, heaven-defended youth,
"Shalt hide in fiction's veil the charms of truth;
"Thy notes the ſting of ſorrow ſhall beguile,
"And ſmooth the brow of anguiſh till it ſmile;
"Notes, that a ſweet Elyſian dream can raiſe,
"And lead th' enchanted ſoul through fancy's maze;
"Thy verſe ſhall ſhine with Gloriana's name,
"And fill the world with Britain's endleſs fame."

* To Tityrus then he gave the ſacred flute,
And bade his ſons their bluſhing brides ſalute;

IMITATIONS.

* The good old man leaped from his throne, and, after he had embraced him, preſented him to his daughter, which cauſed a general acclamation.

NOTE.

* This prophecy of Menalcas alludes to the Æneid of Virgil, and the Fairy-Queen of Spenſer.

Whilſt all the train a lay of triumph ſung,
'Till mountains echo'd, and till valleys rung.

* While thus with mirth they tun'd the nuptial ſtrain,
A youth, too late, was haſtening o'er the plain,
Clad in a flowing veſt of azure hue;
† Blue were his ſandals, and his girdle blue:
A ſlave, ill-dreſs'd and mean, behind him bore
An oſier-baſket, fill'd with fiſhy ſtore;
The lobſter with his ſable armour bold;
The taſteful mullet deck'd with ſcales of gold;
Bright perch, the tyrants of the finny breed;
And greylings ſweet, that crop the fragrant weed:

IMITATIONS.

* While they were in the midſt of their joy, they were ſurpriſed with a very odd appearance. A perſon, in a blue mantle, crowned with ſedges and ruſhes, ſtepped into the midſt of the ring. He had an angling rod in his hand, a pannier upon his back; and a poor meagre wretch in wet clothes carried ſome oyſters before him. Being aſked, whence he came, and what

NOTE.

† See Sannazaro, Ongaro, Phineas Fletcher, and other writers of piſcatory eclogues.

Among them ſhells of many a tint appear;
* The heart of Venus, and her pearly ear;
The nautilus, on curling billows born;
And ſcallops, by the wandering pilgrim worn;
Some dropp'd with ſilver, ſome with purple dye;
With all the race that ſeas or ſtreams ſupply;
A net and angle o'er his ſhoulder hung:
Thus was the ſtranger clad, and thus he ſung:
“ Ah! lovely damſel, leave thy ſimple ſheep;
“ 'Tis ſweeter in the ſea-worn rock to ſleep:
“ There ſhall thy line the ſcaly ſhoals betray,
“ And ſports, unknown before, beguile the day;
“ To guide o'er rolling waves the dancing ſkiff,
“ Or pluck the ſamphire from th' impending cliff:
“ My rapturous notes the blue-ey'd Nereids praiſe,
“ And ſilver-footed Naiads hear my lays.”

IMITATIONS.

he was, he told them he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the ſea-ſhore; that his ſubſtance conſiſted in ſea-calves; and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and Naiads. “ Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?” ſaid Menalcas, “ to them ſhalt thou return.” The ſhepherds immediately hoiſted him up as an enemy to Arcadia, and plunged him in the river, where he ſunk, and was never heard of ſince.

NOTE.

* *Venus's heart* and *Venus's ear* are the names of two very beautiful ſhells.

"To them, Menalcas ſaid, thy numbers pour;
"Inſult our flocks and bliſsful vales no more."
He ſpoke; the heralds knew their ſovereign's will,
And hurl'd the fiſher down the ſloping hill:
Headlong he plung'd beneath the liquid plain,
(But not a nymph receiv'd the falling ſwain);
Then, dropping, roſe; and, like the ruſhing wind,
Impetuous fled, nor caſt a look behind:
* He ſought the poplar'd banks of winding Po,
But ſhunn'd the meads where Ladon's waters flow.

† Ere through nine radiant ſigns the flaming ſun
His courſe reſplendent in the Zodiack run,
The royal damſels, baſhful now no more,
Two lovely boys on one glad morning bore;

IMITATIONS.

† Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long-lived, there having been but four deſcents in above two thouſand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil. Virgil left his to his ſon Spenſer, and Spenſer was ſucceeded by his eldeſt-born Philips.

NOTE.

* This alludes to the Latin compoſitions of Sannazarius; which have great merit in their kind.

From blooming Daphne fair Alexis ſprung,
And Colinet on Hyla's boſom hung;
Both o'er the vales of ſweet Arcadia reign'd,
And both the manners of their ſires retain'd:
* Alexis, fairer than a morn of May,
In glades and foreſts tun'd his rural lay,
More ſoft than rills that through the valley flow,
Or vernal gales that o'er the violets blow;
He ſung the tender woes of artleſs ſwains,
Their tuneful conteſts, and their amorous pains;
When early ſpring has wak'd the breathing flowers,
Or winter hangs with froſt the ſilvery bowers:
† But Colinet in ruder numbers tells
The loves of ruſticks, and fair-boding ſpells;
Sings how they ſimply paſs the livelong day,
And ſoftly mourn, or innocently play.

Since them no ſhepherd rules th' Arcadian mead,
But ſilent hangs Menalcas' fatal reed.

NOTES.

* See Pope's paſtorals.

† See the Shepherd's Week, of Gay.

CAISSA.

*OF armies on the chequer'd field array'd,
And guiltleſs war in pleaſing form diſplay'd;
When two bold kings contend with vain alarms,
In ivory this, and that in ebon arms;
Sing, ſportive maids, that haunt the ſacred hill
Of Pindus, and the fam'd Pierian rill.
† Thou, joy of all below, and all above,
Mild Venus, queen of laughter, queen of love;

IMITATIONS.

* Ludimus effigiem belli, ſimulataque veris
Prælia, buxo acies fictas, et ludicra regna:
Ut gemini inter ſe reges, albuſque nigerque,
Pro laude oppoſiti certent bicoloribus armis.
Dicite, Seriades Nymphæ, certamina tanta. *Vida.*
† Æneadum genitrix, hominum divûmque voluptas,
Alma Venus! &c. *Lucretius.*

Leave thy bright iſland, where on many a roſe
And many a pink thy blooming train repoſe:
Aſſiſt me, goddeſs! ſince a lovely pair
Command my ſong, like thee divinely fair.

Near yon cool ſtream, whoſe living waters play,
And riſe tranſlucent in the ſolar ray;
Beneath the covert of a fragrant bower,
Where ſpring's ſoft influence purpled every flower;
Two ſmiling nymphs reclin'd in calm retreat,
And envying bloſſoms crouded round their ſeat;
Here Delia was enthron'd, and by her ſide
The ſweet Sirena, both in beauty's pride:
Thus ſhine two roſes, freſh with early bloom,
That from their native ſtalk diſpenſe perfume;
Their leaves unfolding to the dawning day
Gems of the glowing mead, and eyes of May.
A band of youths and damſels ſat around,
Their flowing locks with braided myrtle bound;
Agatis, in the graceful dance admir'd,
And gentle Thyrſis, by the muſe inſpir'd;
With Sylvia, faireſt of the mirthful train;
And Daphnis, doom'd to love, yet love in vain.

Now, whilſt a purer bluſh o'erſpreads her checks,
With ſoothing accents thus Sirena ſpeaks:

"The meads and lawns are ting'd with beamy light,
"And wakeful larks begin their vocal flight;
"Whilſt on each bank the dewdrops ſweetly ſmile;
"What ſport, my Delia, ſhall the hours beguile?
"Shall heavenly notes, prolong'd with various art,
"Charm the fond ear, and warm the rapturous heart?
"At diſtance ſhall we view the ſylvan chace?
"Or catch with ſilken lines the finny race?"

Then Delia thus: "Or rather, ſince we meet
"By chance aſſembled in this cool retreat,
"In artful conteſt let our warlike train
"Move well-directed o'er the colour'd plain;
"Daphnis, who taught us firſt, the play ſhall guide;
"Explain its laws, and o'er the field preſide:
"No prize we need, our ardour to inflame;
"We fight with pleaſure, if we fight for fame."

The nymph conſents: the maids and youths prepare
To view the combat, and the ſport to ſhare;

But Daphnis moſt approv'd the bold deſign,
Whom Love inſtructed, and the tuneful Nine.
He roſe, and on the cedar table plac'd
A poliſh'd board, with differing colours grac'd;
* Squares eight times eight in equal order lie;
Theſe bright as ſnow, thoſe dark with ſable dye;
Like the broad target by the tortoiſe born,
Or like the hide by ſpotted panthers worn.
Then from a cheſt, with harmleſs heroes ſtor'd,
O'er the ſmooth plain two well-wrought hoſts he pour'd;
The champions burn'd their rivals to aſſail,
† Twice eight in black, twice eight in milkwhite mail;

IMITATIONS.

* Sexaginta inſunt et quatuor ordine ſedes
Octono; parte ex omni, via limite quadrat
Ordinibus paribus; necnon forma omnibus una
Sedibus, æquale et ſpatium, ſed non color unus:
Alternant ſemper variæ, ſubeuntque viciſſim
Albentes nigris; teſtudo picta ſuperne
Qualia devexo geſtat diſcrimina tergo.
Vida.

† Agmina bina pari numeroque, et viribus æquis,
Bis niveâ cum veſte octo, totidemque nigranti.
Ut variæ facies, pariter ſunt et ſua cuique
Nomina, diverſum munus, non æqua poteſtas.
Vida.

In ſhape and ſtation different, as in name,
Their motions various, nor their power the ſame.
Say, muſe! (for Jove has nought from thee conceal'd)
Who form'd the legions on the level field?

High in the midſt the reverend kings appear,
And o'er the reſt their pearly ſcepters rear:
One ſolemn ſtep, majeſtically ſlow,
They gravely move, and ſhun the dangerous foe;
If e'er they call, the watchful ſubjects ſpring,
And die with rapture if they ſave their king;
On him the glory of the day depends,
He once impriſon'd, all the conflict ends.

The queens exulting near their conſorts ſtand;
Each bears a deadly falchion in her hand;
Now here, now there, they bound with furious pride,
And thin the trembling ranks from ſide to ſide;
Swift as Camilla flying o'er the main,
Or lightly ſkimming o'er the dewy plain:
Fierce as they ſeem, ſome bold Plebeian ſpear
May pierce their ſhield, or ſtop their full career.

The valiant guards, their minds on havock bent,
Fill the next ſquares, and watch the royal tent;

Though weak their ſpears, though dwarfiſh be their height,
* Compact they move, the bulwark of the fight.

To right and left the martial wings diſplay
Their ſhining arms, and ſtand in cloſe array.
Behold, four archers, eager to advance,
Send the light reed, and ruſh with ſidelong glance;
Through angles ever they aſſault the foes,
True to the colour, which at firſt they choſe.
Then four bold knights for courage fam'd and ſpeed,
Each knight exalted on a prancing ſteed:
† Their arching courſe no vulgar limit knows,
Tranſverſe they leap, and aim inſidious blows:

IMITATIONS.

† Il cavallo leggier per dritta liſta,
Come gli altri, l' arringo unqua non fende,
Mà la lizza attraverſa, e fiero in viſta
Curvo in giro, e lunato il ſalto ſtende,
E ſempre nel ſaltar due caſe acquiſta,
Quel colore abbandona, e queſto prende.

Marino, Adone. 15.

NOTE.

* The chief art in the Tacticks of Cheſs conſiſts in the nice conduct of the royal pawns; in ſupporting them againſt every attack; and, if they are taken, in ſupplying their places with others equally ſupported: a principle, on which the ſucceſs of the game in great meaſure depends, though it ſeems to be omitted by the very accurate Vida.

Nor friends, nor foes, their rapid force reſtrain,
By one quick bound two changing ſquares they gain;
From varying hues renew the fierce attack,
And ruſh from black to white, from white to black.
Four ſolemn elephants the ſides defend;
Beneath the load of ponderous towers they bend:
In one unalter'd line they tempt the fight;
Now cruſh the left, and now o'erwhelm the right.
Bright in the front the dauntleſs ſoldiers raiſe
Their poliſh'd ſpears; their ſteely helmets blaze:
Prepar'd they ſtand the daring foe to ſtrike,
Direct their progreſs, but their wounds oblique.

Now ſwell th' embattled troops with hoſtile rage,
And clang their ſhields, impatient to engage;
When Daphnis thus: A varied plain behold,
Where fairy kings their mimick tents unfold,
As Oberon, and Mab, his wayward queen,
Lead forth their armies on the daiſied green.
No mortal hand the wondrous ſport contriv'd,
By Gods invented, and from Gods deriv'd;

* From them the Britiſh nymphs receiv'd the game,
And play each morn beneath the cryſtal Thame;
Hear then the tale, which they to Colin ſung,
As idling o'er the lucid wave he hung.

A lovely Dryad rang'd the Thracian wild,
Her air enchanting, and her aſpect mild;
To chaſe the bounding hart was all her joy,
Averſe from Hymen, and the Cyprian boy;
O'er hills and valleys was her beauty fam'd,
And fair Caiſſa was the damſel nam'd.
Mars ſaw the maid; with deep ſurprize he gaz'd,
Admir'd her ſhape, and every geſture praiſ'd:
His golden bow the child of Venus bent,
And through his breaſt a piercing arrow ſent:
The reed was Hope; the feathers, keen Deſire;
The point, her eyes; the barbs, ethereal fire.
Soon to the nymph he pour'd his tender ſtrain;
The haughty Dryad ſcorn'd his amorous pain:

IMITATIONS.

* Quæ quondam ſub aquis gaudent ſpectacla tueri
Nereides, vaſtique omnis gens accola ponti;
Siquando placidum mare, et humida regna quierunt.
Vida.

He told his woes, where'er the maid he found,
And ſtill he preſs'd, yet ſtill Caïſſa frown'd;
But ev'n her frowns (ah, what might ſmiles have done!)
Fir'd all his ſoul, and all his ſenſes won.
He left his car, by raging tigers drawn,
And lonely wander'd o'er the duſky lawn;
Then lay deſponding near a murmuring ſtream,
And fair Caïſſa was his plaintive theme.
A Naiad heard him from her moſſy bed,
And through the cryſtal rais'd her placid head;
Then mildly ſpake: “ O thou, whom love inſpires,
“ Thy tears will nouriſh, not allay thy fires.
“ The ſmiling bloſſoms drink the pearly dew;
“ And ripening fruit the feather'd race purſue;
“ The ſcaly ſhoals devour the ſilken weeds;
“ Love on our ſighs, and on our ſorrow feeds.
“ Then weep no more; but, ere thou canſt obtain
“ Balm to thy wounds, and ſolace to thy pain,
“ With gentle art thy martial look beguile;
“ Be mild, and teach thy rugged brow to ſmile.
“ Canſt thou no play, no ſoothing game deviſe,
“ To make thee lovely in the damſel's eyes?
“ So may thy prayers aſſuage the ſcornful dame,
“ And ev'n Caïſſa own a mutual flame.”

"Kind nymph, ſaid Mars, thy counſel I approve
"Art, only art, her ruthleſs breaſt can move.
"But when? or how? Thy dark diſcourſe explain:
"So may thy ſtream ne'er ſwell with guſhing rain;
"So may thy waves in one pure current flow,
"And flowers eternal on thy border blow!"

To whom the maid replied with ſmiling mien:
"Above the palace of the Paphian queen
"* Love's brother dwells, a boy of graceful port,
"By gods nam'd Euphron, and by mortals Sport:
"Seek him; to faithful ears unfold thy grief,
"And hope, ere morn return, a ſweet relief.
"His temple hangs below the azure ſkies;
"Seeſt thou yon argent cloud? 'Tis there it lies."
This ſaid, ſhe ſunk beneath the liquid plain,
And ſought the manſion of her blue-hair'd train.

IMITATIONS.

* Ecco d' aſtuto ingegno, e pronta mano
Garzon, che ſempre ſcherza, e vola ratto,
Gioco s'apella, ed è *d' amor germano.*

Marino, Adone. 15.

Meantime the god, elate with heart-felt joy,
Had reach'd the temple of the ſportful boy;
He told Caiſſa's charms, his kindled fire,
The Naiad's counſel, and his warm deſire;
“ Be ſwift, he added, give my paſſion aid;
“ A god requeſts.”—He ſpake, and Sport obey'd.
He fram'd a tablet of celeſtial mold,
Inlay'd with ſquares of ſilver and of gold;
Then of two metals form'd the warlike band,
That here compact in ſhow of battle ſtand;
He taught the rules that guide the penſive game,
And call'd it *Caiſſa* from the Dryad's name:
(Whence Albion's ſons, who moſt its praiſe confeſs,
Approv'd the play, and nam'd it thoughtful *Cheſs.*)
The god delighted thank'd indulgent Sport;
Then graſp'd the board, and left his airy court.
With radiant feet he pierc'd the clouds; nor ſtay'd,
Till in the woods he ſaw the beauteous maid:
Tir'd with the chaſe the damſel ſat reclin'd,
Her girdle looſe, her boſom unconfin'd.
He took the figure of a wanton Faun,
And ſtood before her on the flowery lawn;
Then ſhow'd his tablet: pleas'd the nymph ſurvey'd
The lifeleſs troops in glittering ranks diſplay'd;

She aſk'd the wily ſylvan to explain
The various motions of the ſplendid train;
With eager heart ſhe caught the winning lore,
And thought ev'n Mars leſs hateful than before:
"What ſpell, ſaid ſhe, deceiv'd my careleſs mind?
"The god was fair, and I was moſt unkind."
She ſpoke, and ſaw the changing Faun aſſume
A milder aſpect, and a fairer bloom;
His wreathing horns, that from his temples grew,
Flow'd down in curls of bright celeſtial hue;
The dappled hairs, that veil'd his loveleſs face,
Blaz'd into beams, and ſhow'd a heavenly grace;
The ſhaggy hide, that mantled o'er his breaſt,
Was ſoften'd to a ſmooth tranſparent veſt,
That through its folds his vigorous boſom ſhow'd,
And nervous limbs, where youthful ardour glow'd:
(Had Venus view'd him in thoſe blooming charms,
Not Vulcan's net had forc'd her from his arms.)
With goatlike feet no more he mark'd the ground,
But braided flowers his ſilken ſandals bound.
The Dryad bluſh'd; and, as he preſs'd her, ſmil'd,
Whilſt all his cares one tender glance beguil'd.

He ends; *To arms*, the maids and ſtriplings cry;
To arms, the groves and ſounding vales reply.
Sirena led to war the ſwarthy crew,
And Delia thoſe that bore the lily's hue.
Who firſt, O muſe, began the bold attack;
The white refulgent, or the mournful black?
Fair Delia firſt, as favouring lots ordain,
Moves her pale legions tow'rd the ſable train:
From thought to thought her lively fancy flies,
Whilſt o'er the board ſhe darts her ſparkling eyes.

At length the warriour moves with haughty ſtrides;
Who from the plain the ſnowy king divides:
With equal haſte his ſwarthy rival bounds;
His quiver rattles, and his buckler ſounds:
Ah! hapleſs youths, with fatal warmth you burn;
Laws, ever fix'd, forbid you to return.
Then from the wing a ſhort-liv'd ſpearman flies,
Unſafely bold, and ſee! he dies, he dies:
The dark-brow'd hero, with one vengeful blow
Of life and place deprives his ivory foe.
Now ruſh both armies o'er the burniſh'd field,
Hurl the ſwift dart, and rend the burſting ſhield.

Here furious knights on fiery courſers prance,
Here archers ſpring, and lofty towers advance.
But ſee! the white-rob'd Amazon beholds
Where the dark hoſt its opening van unfolds:
Soon as her eye diſcerns the hoſtile maid,
By ebon ſhield, and ebon helm betray'd;
Seven ſquares ſhe paſſes with majeſtick mien,
And ſtands triumphant o'er the falling queen.
Perplex'd, and ſorrowing at his conſort's fate,
The monarch burn'd with rage, deſpair, and hate:
Swift from his zone th' avenging blade he drew,
And, mad with ire, the proud virago ſlew.
Meanwhile ſweet-ſmiling Delia's wary king
Retir'd from fight behind his circling wing.

Long time the war in equal balance hung;
Till, unforeſeen, an ivory courſer ſprung,
And, wildly prancing in an evil hour,
Attack'd at once the monarch and the tower:
Sirena bluſh'd; for, as the rules requir'd,
Her injur'd ſovereign to his tent retir'd;
Whilſt her loſt caſtle leaves his threatening height,
And adds new glory to th' exulting knight.

At this, pale fear oppreſs'd the drooping maid,
And on her cheek the roſe began to fade:
A cryſtal tear, that ſtood prepar'd to fall,
She wip'd in ſilence, and conceal'd from all;
From all but Daphnis: He remark'd her pain,
And ſaw the weakneſs of her ebon train;
Then gently ſpoke: "Let me your loſs ſupply,
"And either nobly win, or nobly die;
"Me oft has fortune crown'd with fair ſucceſs,
"And led to triumph in the fields of Cheſs."
He ſaid: the willing nymph her place reſign'd,
And ſat at diſtance on the bank reclin'd.
Thus when Minerva call'd her chief to arms,
And Troy's high turret ſhook with dire alarms,
The Cyprian goddeſs wounded left the plain,
And Mars engag'd a mightier force in vain.

Straight Daphnis leads his ſquadron to the field;
(To Delia's arms 'tis ev'n a joy to yield.)
Each guileful ſnare, and ſubtle art he tries,
But finds his art leſs powerful than her eyes:
Wiſdom and ſtrength ſuperiour charms obey;
And beauty, beauty, wins the long-fought day.

By this a hoary chief, on ſlaughter bent,
Approach'd the gloomy king's unguarded tent;
Where, late, his conſort ſpread diſmay around,
Now her dark corſe lies bleeding on the ground.
Hail, happy youth! thy glories not unſung
Shall live eternal on the poet's tongue;
For thou ſhalt ſoon receive a ſplendid change,
And o'er the plain with nobler fury range.
The ſwarthy leaders ſaw the ſtorm impend,
And ſtrove in vain their ſovereign to defend:
Th' invader wav'd his ſilver lance in air,
And flew like lightning to the fatal ſquare;
His limbs dilated in a moment grew
To ſtately height, and widen'd to the view;
More fierce his look, more lion-like his mien,
Sublime he mov'd, and ſeem'd a warriour queen.
As when the ſage on ſome unfolding plant
Has caught a wandering fly, or frugal ant,
His hand the microſcopic frame applies,
And lo! a bright-hair'd monſter meets his eyes;
He ſees new plumes in ſlender caſes roll'd;
Here ſtain'd with azure, there bedropp'd with gold;
Thus, on the alter'd chief both armies gaze,
And both the kings are fix'd with deep amaze.

The ſword, which arm'd the ſnow-white maid before,
He now aſſumes, and hurls the ſpear no more;
Then ſprings indignant on the dark-rob'd band,
And knights and archers feel his deadly hand.
Now flies the monarch of the ſable ſhield,
His legions vanquiſh'd, o'er the lonely field:
* So when the morn, by roſy courſers drawn,
With pearls and rubies ſows the verdant lawn,
Whilſt each pale ſtar from heaven's blue vault retires,
Still Venus gleams, and laſt of all expires.
He hears, where'er he moves, the dreadful ſound;
Check the deep vales, and *Check* the woods rebound.
No place remains: he ſees the certain fate,
And yields his throne to ruin, and Checkmate.

A brighter bluſh o'erſpreads the damſel's cheeks,
And mildly thus the conquer'd ſtripling ſpeaks:
" A double triumph, Delia, haſt thou won,
" By Mars protected, and by Venus' ſon;

IMITATIONS.

* ——— Medio rex æquore inermis
Conſtitit amiſſis ſociis; velut æthere in alto
Expulit ardentes flammas ubi lutea bigis
Luciferis Aurora, tuus pulcherrimus ignis
Lucet adhuc, Venus, et cœlo mox ultimus exit.
Vida, ver. 604.

"The firſt with conqueſt crowns thy matchleſs art,
"The ſecond points thoſe eyes at Daphnis' heart."
She ſmil'd; the nymphs and amorous youths ariſe,
And own, that beauty gain'd the nobler prize.

Low in their cheſt the mimick troops were lay'd,
* And peaceful ſlept the ſable hero's ſhade.

---

* A parody of the laſt line in Pope's tranſlation of the Iliad,
"And peaceful ſlept the mighty Hector's ſhade:"

* * *

CAISSA.

OR,

THE GAME AT CHESS.

A POEM.

Written in the year 1763.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE firſt idea of the following piece was taken from a Latin poem of Vida, entitled SCACCHIA LUDUS, which was tranſlated into Italian by Marino, and inſerted in the fifteenth Canto of his Adonis: the author thought it fair to make an acknowledgment in the notes for the paſſages which he borrowed from thoſe two poets; but he muſt alſo do them the juſtice to declare, that moſt of the deſcriptions, and the whole ſtory of Caïſſa, which is written in imitation of Ovid, are his own, and their faults muſt be imputed to him only. The characters in the poem are no leſs imaginary than thoſe in the epiſode; in which the invention of Cheſs is poetically aſcribed to Mars, though it is certain that the game was originally brought from India.

CARMINUM LIBER.

I. ODE SINICA.

Vides ut agros dulce gemmatos lavet
Argenteus rivi latex ;
Virides ut aura ſtridulo modulamine
Arundines interſtrepat :
Sic, ſic, amœno cincte virtutum choro
Princeps, amabiliter nites.
Ut maximo labore, & arte maximâ
Effingit artifex ebur,
Sic ad benignitatem amica civium
Blandè figuras pectora.
Ut delicata gemmulam expolit manus
Fulgore lucentem aureo,

Sic civitatem mitium gaudes tuam
Ornare morum lumine.
O quàm verenda micat in oculis lenitas!
Minantur & rident ſimul.
O quanta pulchro dignitas vultu patet,
Et quantus inceſſu decor!
Scilicet, amœno cincte virtutum choro
Princeps, amabiliter nites.
Annon per omne, veris inſtar, ſeculum
Memoria floreſcet tui?

II. ODE PERSICA.

JAM roſa purpureum caput explicat. Adſit, amici,
Suavis voluptatum cohors:
Sic monuêre ſenes.
Nunc læti ſumus; at citius læta avolat ætas,
Quin ſacra mutemus mero
Stragula nectareo?

Dulcè gemit zephyrus: ridentem mitte puellam,
Quam molli in amplexu tenens
Pocula læta bibam.
Tange chelyn. Sævit fortuna; at mitte querelas:
Cur non canoros barbiti
Elicimus modulos?
En! florum regina nitet roſa. Fundite vini,
Quod amoris extinguat facem,
Nectareos latices.
Suavè loquens Philomela vocor: quî fiat ut umbrâ
Tectus roſarum nexili
(Veris avis) taceam?

III. ALTERA.

AFFER ſcyphos, & dulcè ridentis meri
Purpureos latices
Effunde largiùs, puer.
Nam vinum amores lenit adoleſcentium,
Difficileſque ſenum
Emollit ægritudines.

Solem merum æmulatur, & lunam calix;
Nectareis foveat
Dic luna ſolem amplexibus.
Flammas nitentes ſparge: vini ſcilicet
Fervidioris aquam
Flammæ nitentis æmulam.
Quòd ſi roſarum fragilis avolat decor,
Sparge, puer, liquidas
Vini rubeſcentis roſas.
Si devium Philomela deſerit nemus,
Pocula læta canant
Non elaboratum melos.
Injurioſæ ſperne fortunæ minas;
Lætaque mœſtitiam
Depellat informem chelys.
Somnus beatos, ſomnus amplexûs dabit:
Da mihi dulce merum
Somnum quod alliciat levem.
Dulce eſt madere vino. Da calices novos,
Ut placidâ madidus
Oblivione perfruar.
Scyphum affer alterum, puer, deinde alterum:
Seu vetitum fuerit,
Amice, ſeu licitum, bibam.

IV. ODE

IV. ODE ARABICA.

AD FABULLUM.

DULCI triſtitiam vino lavere, aut, nitente lunâ,
Multâ reclines in roſâ
Urgere blandis oſculis puellas;
Aut, dum prata levi pulſat pede delicata virgo
Comam renodans auream,
Molli cupidinis tepere flammâ:
Aut, dum blanda aures recreat lyra, floreo ſub antro
Ad ſuave zephyrorum melos
Rore advocati ſpargier ſoporis:
Hæc ver purpureum dat gaudia, comis & juventas,
His, mite dum tempus favet,
Decet vacare, dumque ridet annus.
Quicunque aut rerum domini ſumus, aut graves coacti
Curas egeſtatis pati,
Debemur aſperæ, Fabulle, morti.

V. AD LÆLIUM.

VESTIMENTA tuis grata ſororibus,
Et donem lapides, quos vel alit Tagi
Fluctus, vel celer undâ
Ganges auriferâ lavit,
Læli, ſi mea ſit dives opum domus:
Quid mittam addubito. Scilicet haud mea
Servo carmina blandis
Nympharum auribus inſolens,
Quarum tu potior pectora candidis
Mulces alloquiis, te potiorem amat
Muſa, utcunque puellæ
Pulſas Æoliæ fides.
Quin illis acies mittere commodus
Tornatas meditor, quæ bicoloribus
Armis conſpiciendæ
Bella innoxia deſtinant;

Qualis propter aquas aut Lacedæmoni
Eurotæ gelidas, aut Tiberis vada,
Cornicum manus albis
Nigrans certat oloribus.
Cur non ſub viridi ludimus ilicis
Umbrâ ſuppoſiti? Dic veniat genis
Ridens Lydia pulchris,
Et ſaltare decens Chloe:
Dic reddant mihi me. Ludite, virgines;
Me teſtudineis aut Venerem modis
Dicente, aut juvenilis
Telum dulce Cupidinis.

VI. AD LUNAM.

CŒLI dulcè nitens decus,
Lentâ lora manu, Cynthia, corripe:
Pulchræ tecta peto Chloës,
Et labrum roſeo nectare ſuavius.

Non prædator ut improbus,
Per ſylvas propero, te duce, devias;
Nec, dum lux radiat tua,
Ultricem meditor figere cuſpidem.
Quem tu, mitis Amor, ſemel
Placatum tepidâ lenieris face,
Illum deſeruit furor,
Et telum facili decidit è manu.
Nec delicta per & neſas
Furtiva immeritus gaudia perſequor;
Blandâ victa Chloë prece
Peplum rejiciet purpureum libens.

* * *

VII. AD VENEREM.

ORO te teneri blanda Cupidinis
Mater, cœruleis edita fluctibus,
Quæ grati fruticeta accolis Idali,
Herboſamque Amathunta, & viridem Cnidon,
Oro, Pyrrha, meis cedat amoribus,
Quæ nunc, Tænariâ immitior æſculo,

Mœrentis Licini ſollicitum melos
Ridet. Non liquidæ carmine tibiæ,
Non illam Æoliis illacrymabilem
Plectris dimoveat, lenis ut arduam
Cervicem tepidum flectat ad oſculum.
(Quantum eſt & vacuis nectar in oſculis!)
Quod ſi carminibus mitior applicet
Aures illa meis, ſi (rigidum gelu
Te ſolvente) pari me tepeat face,
Te propter liquidum fonticuli vitrum,
Ponam conſpicuo marmore lucidam,
Te cantans Paphiam, teque Amathuſiam
Pellam gramineum ter pede ceſpitem,
Tum nigranti hederá & tempora laureâ
Cingam, tunc hilares elicium modos:
At nunc me juvenum prætereuntium
Me ridet comitum cœtus amabilis;
Et ludens puerorum in plateis cohors
Oſtendit digitis me, quia langueo
Demiſſis oculis, me, quia ſomnia
Abrupta haud facili virgine ſaucium
Monſtrant, & violá pallidior gena.

* * *

VIII. AD EANDEM.

PERFIDO ridens Erycina vultu,
Seu Joci mater, tenerique Amoris,
Seu Paphi regina potens, Cyprique
Laetior audis,
Linque jucundam Cnidon, & coruſcum
Dirigens currum levis huc vocanti,
Huc veni, & tecum properet ſoluto
Crine Thalia.
Jam venis! nubes placidi ſerenas
Paſſeres findunt; ſuper albicantes
Dum volant ſylvas, celereſque verſant
Leniter alas.
Rurſus ad cœlum fugiant. Sed almâ
Dulcè ſubridens facie, loquelam
Melle conditam liquido jacentis
Fundis in aurem.

“Qua tepes, inquis, Licini, puellâ,
“Lucidis venanti oculis amantes?
“Cur doces mœſtas reſonare lucum,
“Care, querelas?
“Dona ſi ridet tua, dona mittet;
“Sive te molli roſeos per hortos
“Hinnulo vitat levior, ſequetur
“Ipſa fugacem.”
Per tuos oro, dea mitis, ignes,
Pectus ingratæ rigidum Corinnæ
Lenias. Et te, Venus alma, amore
Forſit Adonis.

EX FERDUSII POETÆ PERSICI POEMATE HEROICO.

SAMUS, ut aurato cinctum diademate regem
Vidit ovans, excelſa ferebat ad atria greſſum;
Quem rex ad meritos facilis provexit honores,
Et ſecum in ſolio juſſit conſidere eburneo,

Cælato rutilanti auro, inſertiſque pyropis.
Magnanimum affatus tum blandâ heroâ loquelâ,
Multa ſuper ſociis, ſuper armis multa rogabat,
Jam, quantos aleret tellus Hyrcana gigantas,
Jam, quâ parta manu nova ſit victoria Perſis:
Cui dux hæc memori parens eſt voce locutus.
Venimus ad caſtra hoſtilis, rex maxime, gentis;
Gens eſt dura, ferox; non aſpera ſævior errat
Per dumeta leo, non ſylvâ tigris in atrâ;
Non equus in lætis Arabum it velocior agris.
Cùm ſubito trepidam pervenit rumor in urbem
Adventare aciem, queruli per tecta, per arces,
Auditi gemitûs, & non lætabile murmur:
Ilicet æratâ fulgentes caſſide turmas
Eduxere viri; pars vaſtos fuſa per agros,
Pars monte in rigido, aut depreſſa valle ſedebat:
Horruit ære acies, tantæque a pulvere nubes
Exortæ, ut pulchrum tegeret jubar ætherius ſol.
Quale in arenoſo nigrarum colle laborat
Formicarum agmen, congeſtaque farra reponit;
Aut qualis culicum leviter ſtridentibus alis
Turba volans, tenues ciet importuna ſuſurros;
Tales proſiluere. Nepos ante agmina Salmi
Cercius emicuit, quo non fuit ardua pinus

Altior, aut vernans excelſo in monte cupreſſus.
At Perſarum artûs gelidâ formidine ſolvi
Arguit & tremor, & laxato in corpore pallor:
Hoc vidi, & valido torquens haſtile lacerto
Per medias juſſi, duce me, penetrare phalangas;
Irruit alatus ſonipes, ceu torvus in arvis
Æthiopum latis elephas, neque ſenſit habenam:
Militibus vires rediêre, & priſtina virtus.
Ac velut, undantis cùm ſurgant flumina Nili,
Et refluant, avidis haud injucunda colonis,
Pinguia frugiferis implentur fluctibus arva;
Sic terra innumeris agitata eſt illa catervis:
Cum ſtrepitum audierit noſtrum, ingentemque fragorem
Findentis galeas & ferrea ſcuta bipennis,
Cercius, horrifico complens loca vaſta boatu,
In me flexit equum, me crudeli enſe petebat,
Captivumque arcto voluit conſtringere nodo:
Fruſtra; nam, lunans habilem nec ſegniter arcum,
Populeas miſi duro mucrone ſagittas,
Flammarum ritu, aut per nubila fulminis acti:
Ille tamen celeri ruit impete, noſque morantes
Increpitat, letum minitans, rigidaſve catenas:
Ut verò acceſſit violenti turbinis inſtar,
Pulſus ut & clypeus clypeo eſt, & caſſide caſſis

Illum inſurgentem, dirumque infligere vulnus
Conantem, arripui, qua diſcolor ilia cinxit
Balteus, & rutilis ſubnexa eſt fibula baccis.
Strenua tum valido molimine brachia verſans
E ſtratis evulſi equitem, qui pronus, inermis,
Decidit, & rabido frendens campum ore momordit;
Pectora cui nivea, & ferratâ cuſpide coſtas
Transfodi, madidam defluxit ſanguis in herbam
Purpureus, triſtiſque elapſa eſt vita ſub umbras.
Haud mora, diffugiunt hoſtes, ductore perempto,
Saxa per & colles; noſtris victoria turmis
Affulſit, cæſoſque doles, Hyrcania, natos.
Sic pereant, quicunque tuo, rex optime, ſceptro,
Qui premis imperio ſtellas, parere recuſent!
Dixit; & heroas Perſarum rector ovantes
Laudibus in cœlum tollit; jubet inde beatas
Inſtaurari epulas, & pocula dulcia poni:
Conventum eſt, textoque ſuper diſcumbitur auro.

◆

ELEGIA ARABICA.

FULGUR an è denſâ vibratum nube coruſcat?
An roſeas nudat Leila pudica genas?
Bacciferumne celer fruticetum devorat ignis?
Siderea an Solimæ lumina dulcè micant?
Nardus an Hageri, an ſpirant violaria Meccæ,
Candida odoriferis an venit Azza comis?
Quàm juvat ah! patrios memori tenuiſſe receſſus
Mente, per ignotos dum vagor exul agros?
Valle ſub umbroſâ, pallens ubi luget amator,
Num colit aſſuetos mollis amica lares?
Jamne cient raucum præfracta tonitrua murmur
Montibus, effuſæ quos rigat imber aquæ?
An tua, dum fundit primum lux alma ruborem,
Lympha, Azibe, meam pellet, ut ante, ſitim?
Quot mea felices vidiſtis gaudia, campi,
Gaudia væ! miſero non renovanda mihi?
Ecquis apud Nagedi lucos aut paſcua Tudæ
Paſtor amatorum ſpeſque metuſque canit?

Ecquis ait, gelidâ Salæ dum valle recumbit,
  "Heu! quid Cademeo in monte ſodalis agit?"
Num graciles rident hyemalia frigora myrti?
  Num viret in ſolitis lotos amata locis?
Num vernant humiles in aprico colle myricæ?
  Ne malus has oculus, ne mala lædat hyems!
An mea Alegiades, dulciſſima turba, puellæ
  Curant, an Zephyris irrita vota dabunt?
An viridem ſaliunt, nullo venante, per hortum
  Hinnuleique citi, capreolique leves?
Viſamne umbriferos, loca dilectiſſima, ſaltus,
  Ducit ubi facilem læta Noama chorum?
Num Daregi ripas patulâ tegit arbutus umbrâ,
  Ah! quoties lacrymis humida facta meis?
Grata quis antra colit, nobis abſentibus, Amri,
  Antra puellarum quàm bene nota gregi?
Forſan amatores Meccanâ in valle reductos
  Abſentis Solimæ commeminiſſe juvat.
Tempus erit, levibus quo pervigilata cachinnis
  Nox dabit unanimi gaudia plena choro;
Quo dulces juvenum ſpirabit cœtus amores,
  Et lætos avidâ combibet aure modos.

FABULA PERSICA.

RIGANTE molles imbre campos Perſidis,
E nube in æquor lapſa pluviæ guttula eſt;
Quæ, cùm reluctans eloqui ſineret pudor,
"Quid hoc loci? inquit, quid rei miſella ſum?
"Quò me repente, ah! quò redactam ſentio?"
Cùm ſe verecundanti animulâ ſperneret,
Illam recepit gemmeo concha in ſinu;
Tandemque tenuis aquula facta èſt unio;
Nunc in coronâ læta Regis emicat,
Sibi non placere quanta ſit virtus, docens.

AD MUSAM.

VALE, Camena, blanda cultrix ingenî,
Virtutis altrix, mater eloquentiæ!
Linquenda alumno eſt laurus & chelys tuo:
At tu dearum dulcium dulciſſima,
Seu Suada mavis ſive Pitho dicier,
A te receptus in tuâ vivam fide:
Mihi ſit, oro, non inutilis toga,
Nec indiſerta lingua, nec turpis manus.

ESSAYS.

ESSAY I.

On the Poetry of the Eaſtern Nations.

ARABIA, I mean that part of it, which we call the *Happy*, and which the *Aſiaticks* know by the name of *Yemen*, ſeems to be the only country in the world, in which we can properly lay the ſcene of paſtoral poetry; becauſe no nation at this day can vie with the *Arabians* in the delightfulneſs of their climate, and the ſimplicity of their manners. There is a valley, indeed, to the north of *Indoſtan*, called *Caſhmere*, which, according to an account written by a native of it, is a perfect garden, exceedingly fruitful, and watered by a thouſand rivulets: but when its inhabitants were ſubdued by the ſtratagem of a *Mogul* prince, they loſt their happineſs with their liberty, and *Arabia* retained its old title without any rival to diſpute it. Theſe are not the fancies of a poet: the beauties of *Yemen* are proved by the concurrent teſtimony of all travellers, by the deſcriptions of them in all the writings of *Aſia*, and by the nature and ſituation of the country itſelf, which lies between the eleventh and fifteenth degrees of northern latitude, under a ſerene ſky, and expoſed to the moſt favourable influence of the ſun; it is encloſed on one ſide by vaſt rocks and deſerts, and defended on the other by a tempeſtuous ſea, ſo that it ſeems to have been deſigned by providence for the moſt ſecure, as well as the moſt beautiful, region of the Eaſt. I am at a loſs to conceive, what induced the illuſtrious Prince *Cantemir* to contend that *Yemen* is properly a part of *India*; for, not to mention *Ptolemy*, and the other ancients, who conſidered it as a province of *Arabia*, nor to inſiſt on the language of the country, which is pure *Arabick*, it is deſcribed by the *Aſiaticks* themſelves as a large diviſion of that peninſula, which they call *Jezeiratul Arab*; and there is no more colour for annexing it to *India*, becauſe the ſea, which waſhes one ſide of it, is looked upon by ſome writers as belonging to the great *Indian* ocean, than there would be for annexing it to *Perſia*, becauſe it is bounded on another ſide by the *Perſian* gulf. Its principal cities are *Sanaa*, uſually conſidered as its metropolis; *Zebid*, a commercial town, that lies in a large plain near the ſea of *Omman*; and *Aden*, ſurrounded with pleaſant gardens and woods, which is ſituated eleven degrees from the *Equator*, and ſeventy-ſix from the *Fortunate Iſlands*, or *Canaries*, where the geographers of *Aſia* fix their firſt meridian. It is obſervable that *Aden*, in the Eaſtern dialects, is preciſely the ſame word with *Eden*, which we apply to the garden of paradiſe: it has two ſenſes, according to a ſlight difference in its pronunciation; its firſt meaning is *a ſettled abode*, its ſecond, *delight*, *ſoftneſs*, or *tranquillity*: the word *Eden* had, probably, one of theſe ſenſes in the ſacred text, though we uſe it as a proper name. We may alſo obſerve in this place that *Yemen* itſelf takes its name from a word, which ſignifies *verdure*, and *felicity*; for in thoſe ſultry climates, the freſhneſs of the ſhade, and the coolneſs of water, are ideas almoſt inſeparable from that of happineſs; and this may be a reaſon why moſt of the *Oriental* nations agree in a tradition concerning a delightful ſpot, where the firſt inhabitants of the earth were placed before their fall. The ancients, who gave the name of *Eudaimon*, or *Happy*, to this country, either meaned to tranſlate the word *Yemen*, or, more probably, only alluded to the valuable ſpice-trees, and balſamick plants, that grow in it, and, without ſpeaking poetically, give a real perfume to the air: the writer of an old hiſtory of the *Turkiſh empire* ſays, “*The air of Egypt ſometimes in ſummer is like* “*any ſweet perfume, and almoſt ſuffocates the ſpirits, cauſed* “*by the wind that brings the odours of the Arabian ſpices*:” now it is certain that all poetry receives a very conſiderable ornament from the beauty of natural images; as the roſes of *Sharon*, the verdure of *Carmel*, the vines of *Engaddi*, and the dew of *Hermon*, are the ſources of many pleaſing metaphors and compariſons in the ſacred poetry: thus the odours of *Yemen*, the muſk of *Hadramut*, and the pearls of *Omman*, ſupply the *Arabian* poets with a great variety of alluſions; and, if the remark of *Hermogenes* be juſt, that whatever is *delightful to the ſenſes* produces the *Beautiful* when it is deſcribed, where can we find ſo much beauty as in the *Eaſtern* poems, which turn chiefly upon the lovelieſt objects in nature?

To purſue this topick yet farther: it is an obſervation of *Demetrius Phalereus*, in his elegant treatiſe upon ſtyle, that it is not eaſy to write on agreeable ſubjects in a diſagreeable manner, and that beautiful *expreſſions* naturally riſe with beautiful images; *for which reaſon*, ſays he, *nothing can be more pleaſing than Sappho's poetry, which contains the deſcription of gardens, and banquets, flowers and fruits, fountains and meadows, nightingales and turtle-doves, loves and graces*: thus, when ſhe ſpeaks of *a ſtream ſoftly murmuring among the branches, and the Zephyrs playing through the leaves, with a ſound that brings on a quiet ſlumber*, her lines flow without labour as ſmoothly as the rivulet ſhe deſcribes. I may have altered the words of *Demetrius*, as I quote them by memory, but this is the general ſenſe of his remark, which, if it be not rather ſpecious than juſt, muſt induce us to think, that the poets of the *Eaſt* may vie with thoſe of *Europe* in *the graces of their diction*, as well as in the lovelineſs of their images: but we muſt not believe that the *Arabian* poetry can pleaſe only by its deſcriptions of *beauty*; ſince the gloomy and terrible objects, which produce the *ſublime*, when they are aptly deſcribed, are no where more common than in the *Deſert* and *Stony Arabia's*; and, indeed, we ſee nothing ſo frequently painted by the poets of thoſe countries, as wolves and lions, precipices and foreſts, rocks and wilderneſſes.

If we allow the natural objects, with which the *Arabs* are perpetually converſant, to be *ſublime*, and *beautiful*, our next ſtep muſt be, to confeſs that their compariſons, metaphors, and allegories are ſo likewiſe; for an allegory is only a ſtring of metaphors, a metaphor is only a ſhort ſimile, and the fineſt ſimiles are drawn from natural objects. It is true that many of the *Eaſtern* figures are common to other nations, but ſome of them receive a propriety from the manners of the *Arabians*, who dwell in the plains and woods, which would be loſt, if they came from the inhabitants of cities: thus *the dew of liberality*, and the *odour of reputation*, are metaphors uſed by moſt people; but they are wonderfully proper in the mouths of thoſe, who have ſo much need of being refreſhed by *the dews*, and who gratify their ſenſe of ſmelling with the *ſweeteſt odours* in the world. Again; it is very uſual in all countries to make frequent alluſions to the brightneſs of the celeſtial luminaries, which give their light to all; but the metaphors taken from them have an additional beauty, if we conſider them as made by a nation, who paſs moſt of their nights in the open air, or in tents, and conſequently ſee the moon and ſtars in their greateſt ſplendour. This way of conſidering their poetical figures will give many of them a grace, which they would not have in our languages: ſo, when they compare *the foreheads of their miſtreſſes to the morning, their locks to the night, their faces to the ſun, to the moon, or the bloſſoms of jaſmine, their cheeks to roſes or ripe fruit, their teeth to pearls, hail-ſtones, and ſnow-drops, their eyes to the flowers of the narciſſus, their curled hair to black ſcorpions and to hyacinths, their lips to rubies or wine, the form of their breaſts to pomegranates, and the colour of them to ſnow, their ſhape to that of a pine-tree, and their ſtature to that of a cypreſs, a palm-tree, or a javelin, &c.* theſe compariſons, many of which would ſeem forced in our idioms, have undoubtedly a great delicacy in theirs, and affect their minds in a peculiar manner; yet upon the whole their ſimiles are very juſt and ſtriking, as that of *the blue eyes of a fine woman, bathed in tears, to violets dropping with dew,* and that of *a warriour, advancing at the head of his army, to an eagle ſailing through the air, and piercing the clouds with his wings.*

Theſe are not the only advantages, which the natives of *Arabia* enjoy above the inhabitants of moſt other countries; they preſerve to this day the manners and cuſtoms of their anceſtors, who, by their own account, were ſettled in the province of *Yemen* above three thouſand years ago: they have never been wholly ſubdued by any nation; and though the admiral of *Selim the Firſt* made a deſcent on their coaſt, and exacted a tribute from the people of *Aden*, yet the *Arabians* only keep up a ſhew of allegiance to the ſultan, and act, on every important occaſion, in open defiance of his power, relying on the ſwiftneſs of their horſes, and the vaſt extent of their foreſts, in which an invading enemy muſt ſoon periſh: but here I muſt be underſtood to ſpeak of thoſe *Arabians*, who, like the old *Nomades*, dwell conſtantly in their tents, and remove from place to place according to the ſeaſons; for the inhabitants of the cities, who traffick with the merchants of Europe in ſpices, perfumes, and coffee, muſt have loſt a great deal of their ancient ſimplicity: the others have, certainly, retained it; and, except when their tribes are engaged in war, ſpend their days in watching their flocks and camels, or in repeating their native ſongs, which they pour out almoſt extempore, profeſſing a contempt for the ſtately pillars, and ſolemn buildings of the cities, compared with the natural charms of the country, and the coolneſs of their tents: thus they paſs their lives in the higheſt pleaſure of which they have any conception, in the contemplation of the moſt delightful objects, and in the enjoyment of perpetual ſpring; for we may apply to part of *Arabia* that elegant couplet of *Waller* in his poem of the *Summer iſland*,

> The gentle ſpring, that but ſalutes us here,
> Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.

Yet the heat of the ſun, which muſt be very intenſe in a climate ſo near the line, is tempered by the ſhade of the trees, that overhang the valleys, and by a number of *freſh* ſtreams, that flow down the mountains: hence it is, that almoſt all their notions of *felicity* are taken from *freſhneſs*, and *verdure*; and it is a maxim among them that the three moſt charming objects in nature are, *a green meadow, a clear rivulet, and a beautiful woman*, and that the view of theſe objects at the ſame time affords the greateſt delight imaginable. *Mahomed* was ſo well acquainted with the maxim of his countrymen, that he deſcribed the pleaſures of heaven to them, under the allegory of *cool fountains, green bowers, and black-eyed girls*, as the word *Houri* literally ſignifies in *Arabick*; and in the chapter of the *Morning*, towards the end of his *Alcoran*, he mentions a garden, called *Irem*, which is no leſs celebrated by the *Aſiatick* poets than that of the *Heſperides* by the *Greeks*: it was planted, as the commentators ſay, by a king, named *Shedad*, and was once ſeen by an *Arabian*, who wandered very far into the deſerts in ſearch of a loſt camel: it was, probably, a name invented by the impoſtor, as a type of a future ſtate of happineſs. Now it is certain that the genius of every nation is not a little affected by their climate; for, whether it be that the immoderate heat diſpoſes the *Eaſtern* people to a life of indolence, which gives them full leiſure to cultivate their talents, or whether the ſun has a real influence on the imagination, (as one would ſuppoſe that the ancients believed, by their making *Apollo* the god of poetry) whatever be the cauſe, it has always been remarked, that the *Aſiaticks* excel the inhabitants of our colder regions in the livelineſs of their fancy, and the richneſs of their invention.

To carry this ſubject one ſtep farther: as the *Arabians* are ſuch admirers of *beauty*, and as they enjoy ſuch eaſe and leiſure, they muſt naturally be ſuſceptible of *that paſſion*, which is the true ſpring and ſource of agreeable poetry; and we find, indeed, that *love* has a greater ſhare in their poems than any other paſſion: it ſeems to be always uppermoſt in their minds, and there is hardly an elegy, a panegyrick, or even a ſatire, in their language, which does not begin with the complaints of an unfortunate, or the exultations of a ſucceſsful, lover. It ſometimes happens, that the young men of one tribe are in love with the damſels of another; and, as the tents are frequently removed on a ſudden, the lovers are often ſeparated in the progreſs of the courtſhip: hence almoſt all the *Arabick* poems open in this manner; the author bewails the ſudden departure of his miſtreſs, Hinda, Maia, Zeineb, or Azza, and deſcribes her beauty, comparing her uſually to a wanton fawn, that plays among the aromatick ſhrubs; his friends endeavour to comfort him, but he refuſes conſolation; he declares his reſolution of viſiting his beloved, though the way to her tribe lie through a dreadful wilderneſs, or even through a den of lions; here he commonly gives a deſcription of the horſe or camel, upon which he deſigns to go, and thence paſſes, by an eaſy tranſition, to the principal ſubject of his poem, whether it be the praiſe of his own tribe, or a ſatire on the timidity of his friends, who refuſe to attend him in his expedition; though very frequently the piece turns wholly upon love. But it is not ſufficient that a nation have a genius for poetry, unleſs they have the advantage of a rich and beautiful language, that their expreſſions may be worthy of their ſentiments; the *Arabians* have this advantage alſo in a high degree: their language is expreſſive, ſtrong, ſonorous, and the moſt copious, perhaps, in the world; for, as almoſt every tribe had many words appropriated to itſelf, the poets, for the convenience of their meaſure, or ſometimes for their ſingular beauty, made uſe of them all, and, as the poems became popular, theſe words were by degrees incorporated with the whole language, like a number of little ſtreams, which meet together in one channel, and, forming a moſt plentiful river, flow rapidly into the ſea.

If this way of arguing *à priori* be admitted in the preſent caſe, (and no ſingle man has a right to infer the merit of the *Eaſtern* poetry from the poems themſelves, becauſe no ſingle man has a privilege of judging for all the reſt), if the foregoing argument have any weight, we muſt conclude that the *Arabians*, being perpetually converſant with the moſt beautiful objects, ſpending a calm and agreeable life in a fine climate, being extremely addicted to the ſofter paſſions, and having the advantage of a language ſingularly adapted to poetry, muſt be naturally excellent poets, provided that their *manners* and *cuſtoms* be favourable to the cultivation of that art; and that they are highly ſo, it will not be difficult to prove.

The fondneſs of the *Arabians* for poetry, and the reſpect which they ſhow to poets, would be ſcarce believed, if we were not aſſured of it by writers of great authority: the principal occaſions of rejoicing among them were formerly, and, very probably, are to this day, the birth of a boy, the foaling of a mare, the arrival of a gueſt, and the riſe of a poet in their tribe: when a young *Arabian* has compoſed a good poem, all the neighbours pay their compliments to his family, and congratulate them upon having a relation capable of recording their actions, and of recommending their virtues to poſterity. At the beginning of the ſeventh century, the *Arabick* language was brought to a high degree of perfection by a ſort of poetical academy, that uſed to aſſemble at ſtated times, in a place called *Ocadh*, where every poet produced his beſt compoſition, and was ſure to meet with the applauſe that it deſerved: the moſt excellent of theſe poems were tranſcribed in characters of gold upon *Egyptian* paper, and hung up in the temple of Mecca, whence they were named *Modhahebat*, or *Golden*, and *Moallakat*, or *Suſpended*; the poems of this ſort were called *Caſſeida's* or *eclogues*, * ſeven of which are preſerved in our libraries, and are conſidered as the fineſt that were written before the time of *Mahomed*: the fourth of them, compoſed by *Lebid*, is purely paſtoral, and extremely like the *Alexis* of *Virgil*, but far more beautiful, becauſe it is more agreeable to nature: the poet begins with praiſing the charms of the fair *Nowára*, (a word which in *Arabick* ſignifies *a timorous fawn,)* but inveighs againſt her unkindneſs; he then interweaves a deſcription of his young camel, which he compares for its ſwiftneſs to a ſtag, purſued by the hounds; and takes occaſion afterwards to mention his own riches, accompliſhments, liberality, and valour, his noble birth, and the glory of his tribe: the diction of this poem is eaſy and ſimple, yet elegant, the numbers flowing and muſical, and the ſentiments wonderfully natural; as the learned reader will ſee by the following paſſage, which I ſhall attempt to imitate in verſe, that the merit of the poet may not be wholly loſt in a verbal tranſlation:

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* I have a fine copy of theſe ſeven poems, clearly tranſcribed with explanatory notes: the names of the ſeven poets are, *Amralkeis*, *Tarafa*, *Zoheir*, *Lebid*, *Antara*, *Amru*, and *Hareth*.

Bel enti la tadrîna cam mi'lleilatin,
Thalkin ledhidhin lahwoha wa nedamoha,
Kad bitto ſameroha, wa ghayati tajerin
Wafaito idh refiat, wa azza medamoha,
Beſabuhi ſafiatin wajodhbi carinatin,
Be mowatterin, taâta lehe maan ibhamoha;
Bacarto hajataha' ddajaji beſohratin,
Leoolla minha heina habba neyamoha.

But ah! thou knowſt not in what youthful play
Our nights, beguil'd with pleaſure, ſwam away;
Gay ſongs, and cheerful tales, deceiv'd the time,
And circling goblets made a tuneful chime;
Sweet was the draught, and ſweet the blooming maid,
Who touch'd her lyre beneath the fragrant ſhade;
We ſip'd till morning purpled every plain;
The damſels ſlumber'd, but we ſip'd again:
The waking birds, that ſung on every tree
Their early notes, were not ſo blithe as we.

The *Mahomedan* writers tell a ſtory of this poet, which deſerves to be mentioned here: it was a cuſtom, it ſeems among the old *Arabians*, for the moſt eminent verſifiers to hang up ſome choſen couplets on the gate of the temple, as a publick challenge to their brethren, who ſtrove to anſwer them before the next meeting at *Ocadh*, at which time the whole aſſembly uſed to determine the merit of them all, and gave ſome mark of diſtinction to the author of the fineſt verſes. Now *Lebid*, who, we are told, had been a violent oppoſer of *Mahomed*, fixed a poem on the gate, beginning with the following diſtich, in which he apparently meaned to reflect upon the new religion:

Ala cullo ſheien ma khala Allah bathilon,
Wa cullo naiman la mohalabo zailon.

That is; *Are not all things vain, which come not from God? and will not all honours decay, but thoſe, which He confers?* Theſe lines appeared ſo ſublime, that none of the poets ventured to anſwer them; till *Mahomed*, who was himſelf a poet, having compoſed a new chapter of his *Alcoran*, (the ſecond, I think,) placed the opening of it by the ſide of *Lebid's* poem, who no ſooner read it, than he declared it to be ſomething divine, confeſſed his own inferiority, tore his verſes from the gate, and embraced the religion of his rival; to whom he was afterwards extremely uſeful in replying to the ſatires of *Amralkeis*, who was continually attacking the doctrine of *Mahomed*: the *Aſiaticks* add, that their lawgiver acknowledged ſome time after, that no heathen poet had ever produced a nobler diſtich than that of *Lebid* juſt quoted.

There are a few other collections of ancient *Arabick* poetry; but the moſt famous of them is called *Hamaſſa*, and contains a number of *epigrams*, *odes*, and *elegies*, compoſed on various occaſions: it was compiled by *Abu Temam*, who was an excellent poet himſelf, and uſed to ſay, that *fine ſentiments delivered in proſe were like gems ſcattered at random, but that, when they were confined in a poetical meaſure, they reſembled bracelets, and ſtrings of pearls.* When the religion and language of *Mahomed* were ſpread over the greater part of *Aſia*, and the maritime countries of *Africa*, it became a faſhion for the poets of *Perſia*, *Syria*, *Egypt*, *Mauritania*, and even of *Tartary*, to write in *Arabick*; and the moſt beautiful verſes in that idiom, compoſed by the brighteſt genius's of thoſe nations, are to be ſeen in a large miſcellany, entitled *Yateima*; though many of their works are tranſcribed ſeparately: it will be needleſs to ſay much on the poetry of the *Syrians*, *Tartarians*, and *Africans*, ſince moſt of the arguments, before uſed in favour of the *Arabs*, have equal weight with reſpect to the other *Mahomedans*, who have done little more than imitate their ſtyle, and adopt their expreſſions; for which reaſon alſo I ſhall dwell the ſhorter time on the genius and manners of the *Perſians*, *Turks*, and *Indians*.

The great empire, which we call *Perſia*, is known to its natives by the name of *Iran*; ſince the word *Perſia* belongs only to a particular province, the ancient *Perſis*, and is very improperly applied by us to the whole kingdom: but, in compliance with the cuſtom of our geographers, I ſhall give the name of *Perſia* to that celebrated country, which lies on one ſide between the *Caſpian* and *Indian* ſeas, and extends on the other from the mountains of *Candahar*, or *Paropamiſus*, to the confluence of the rivers *Cyrus* and *Araxes*, containing about twenty degrees from ſouth to north, and rather more from eaſt to weſt.

In ſo vaſt a tract of land there muſt needs be a great variety of climates: the ſouthern provinces are no leſs unhealthy and ſultry, than thoſe of the north are rude and unpleaſant; but in the interiour parts of the empire the air is mild and temperate, and from the beginning of

May to September, there is ſcarce a cloud to be ſeen in the ſky: the remarkable calmneſs of the ſummer nights, and the wonderful ſplendour of the moon and ſtars in that country, often tempt the *Perſians* to ſleep on the tops of their houſes, which are generally flat, where they cannot but obſerve the figures of the conſtellations, and the various appearances of the heavens; and this may in ſome meaſure account for the perpetual alluſions of their poets, and rhetoricians, to the beauty of the heavenly bodies. We are apt to cenſure the oriental ſtyle for being ſo full of metaphors taken from the ſun and moon: this is aſcribed by ſome to the bad taſte of the *Aſiaticks*; *the works of the Perſians*, ſays M. *de Voltaire*, *are like the titles of their kings, in which the ſun and moon are often introduced*: but they do not reflect that every nation has a ſet of images, and expreſſions, peculiar to itſelf, which ariſe from the difference of its climate, manners, and hiſtory. There ſeems to be another reaſon for the frequent alluſions of the *Perſians* to the ſun, which may, perhaps, be traced from the old language and popular religion of their country: thus *Mihridád*, or *Mithridates*, ſignifies *the gift of the ſun*, and anſwers to the *Theodorus* and *Diodati* of other nations. As to the titles of the *Eaſtern* monarchs, which ſeem, indeed, very extravagant to our ears, they are merely formal, and no leſs void of meaning than thoſe of *European* princes, in which *ſerenity* and *highneſs* are often attributed to the moſt *gloomy*, and *low-minded* of men.

The midland provinces of *Perſia* abound in fruits and flowers of almoſt every kind, and, with proper culture, might be made the garden of *Aſia*: they are not watered, indeed, by any conſiderable river, ſince the *Tigris* and *Euphrates*, the *Cyrus* and *Araxes*, the *Oxus*, and the five branches of the *Indus*, are at the fartheſt limits of the kingdom; but the natives, who have a turn for agriculture, ſupply that defect by artificial canals, which ſufficiently temper the dryneſs of the ſoil: but in ſaying they *ſupply* that defect, I am falling into a common errour, and repreſenting the country, not as it *is* at preſent, but as it *was* a century ago; for a long ſeries of civil wars and maſſacres have now deſtroyed the chief beauties of *Perſia*, by ſtripping it of its moſt induſtrious inhabitants.

The ſame difference of climate, that affects the air and ſoil of this extenſive country, gives a variety alſo to the perſons and temper of its natives: in ſome provinces they have dark complexions, and harſh features; in others they are exquiſitely fair, and well-made; in ſome others, nervous and robuſt: but the general character of the nation is that *ſoftneſs*, and *love of pleaſure*, that *indolence*, and *effeminacy*, which have made them an eaſy prey to all the weſtern and northern ſwarms, that have from time to time invaded them. Yet they are not wholly void of martial ſpirit; and, if they are not naturally brave, they are at leaſt extremely docile, and might, with proper diſcipline, be made excellent ſoldiers: but the greater part of them, in the ſhort intervals of peace that they happen to enjoy, conſtantly ſink into a ſtate of inactivity, and paſs their lives in a pleaſurable, yet ſtudious, retirement; and this may be one reaſon, why *Perſia* has produced more writers of every kind, and chiefly *poets*, than all *Europe* together, ſince their way of life gives them leiſure to purſue thoſe arts, which cannot be cultivated to advantage, without the greateſt calmneſs and ſerenity of mind: and this, by the way, is one cauſe, among many others, why the poems in the preceding collection are leſs finiſhed; ſince they were compoſed, not in bowers and ſhades, by the ſide of rivulets or fountains, but either amidſt the confuſion of a metropolis, the hurry of travel, the diſſipation of publick places, the avocations of more neceſſary ſtudies, or the attention to more uſeful parts of literature. To return: there is a manuſcript at *Oxford** containing *the lives of an hundred and thirty five of the fineſt Perſian poets*, moſt of whom left very ample collections of their poems behind them: but the verſifiers, and *moderate poets*, if *Horace* will allow any ſuch men to exiſt, are without number in *Perſia*.

This delicacy of their lives and ſentiments has inſenſibly affected their language, and rendered it the ſofteſt, as it is one of the richeſt, in the world: it is not poſſible to convince the reader of this truth, by quoting a paſſage from a *Perſian* poet in *European* characters; ſince the ſweetneſs of ſound cannot be determined by the ſight, and many words, which are ſoft and muſical in the mouth of a *Perſian*, may appear very harſh to our eyes, with a number of conſonants and gutturals: it may not, however, be abſurd to ſet down in this place, an Ode of the poet *Hafez*, which, if it be not ſufficient to prove the delicacy of his language, will at leaſt ſhow the livelineſs of his poetry:

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* In Hyperoo Bodl. 128. There is a prefatory diſcourſe to this curious work, which compriſes the lives of ten *Arabian* poets.

Ai bad neſîmi yâr dari,
Zan neſheï muſhcbâr dari:
Zinhar mecun diraz-deſti!
Ba turreï o che câr dari?
Ai gul, to cujâ wa ruyi zeiboſh?
O taza, wa to kharbâr dari.
Nerkes, to cujâ wa cheſhmi meſteſh?
O ſerkhoſh, wa to khumâr dari.
Ai ſerw, to ba kaddi bulendeſh,
Der bagh che iytebâr dari?
Ai akl, to ba wujûdi iſhkeſh
Der deſt che ikhtiyâr dari?
Rihan, to cujâ wa khatti ſebzeſh?
O muſhc, wa to ghubâr dari.
Ruzi bureſi bewaſli Hafez,
Gher takati yntizâr dari.

That is, word for word: *O ſweet gale, thou beareſt the fragrant ſcent of my beloved; thence it is that thou haſt this muſky odour. Beware! do not ſteal: what haſt thou to do with her treſſes? O roſe, what art thou, to be compared with her bright face? She is freſh, and thou art rough with thorns. O narciſſus, what art thou in compariſon of her languiſhing eye? Her eye is only ſleepy, but thou art ſick and faint. O pine, compared with her graceful ſtature, what honour haſt thou in the garden? O wiſdom, what wouldſt thou chooſe, if to chooſe were in thy power, in preference to her love? O ſweet baſil, what art thou, to be compared with her freſh cheeks? they are perfect muſk, but thou art ſoon withered. O Hafez, thou wilt one day attain the object of thy deſire, if thou canſt but ſupport thy pain with patience.* This little ſong is not unlike a ſonnet, aſcribed to *Shakeſpear*, which deſerves to be cited here, as a proof that the *Eaſtern* imagery is not ſo different from the *European* as we are apt to imagine.

The forward violet thus did I chide:
“ Sweet thief! whence didſt thou ſteal thy ſweet that ſmells,
“ If not from my love's breath? The purple pride,
“ Which on thy ſoft cheek for complexion dwells,
“ In my love's veins thou haſt too groſsly dyed.”
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had ſtol'n thy hair;
The roſes fearfully on thorns did ſtand,
One bluſhing ſhame, another white deſpair;

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A third, nor red, nor white, had ſtol'n of both,
And to his robb'ry had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flow'rs I noted, yet I none could ſee,
But ſweet or colour it had ſtol'n from thee.

The *Perſian* ſtyle is ſaid to be ridiculouſly bombaſt, and this fault is imputed to the ſlaviſh ſpirit of the nation, which is ever apt to magnify the objects that are placed above it: there are bad writers, to be ſure, in every country, and as many in *Aſia* as elſewhere; but, if we take the pains to learn the *Perſian* language, we ſhall find that thoſe authors, who are generally eſteemed in *Perſia*, are neither ſlaviſh in their ſentiments, nor ridiculous in their expreſſions: of which the following paſſage in a moral work of *Sadi*, entitled *Boſtân*, or, *The Garden*, will be a ſufficient proof.

Shinidem ke, der wakti nezî rewan,
Be Hormuz chunin gufti Nuſhirewan:
Ki khatir nigehdari derwiſhi baſh,
Ne der bendi âſaiſhi khiſhi baſh:
Neâſaïd ender diyari to kes,
Chu âſaiſhi khiſhi khahi wa bes.

Neyayid benezdiki dana peſend,
Shubani khuſte, wa gurki der kuſpend.
Beru; paſi derwiſhi muhtâji dar,
Ki ſhah ez ra yeti bûd tâji dar.
Raiyet chu bikheſt wa ſoltan dirakht,
Dirakht, ai piſer, baſhed ez bikhi ſakht.

That is; *I have heard that king Nuſhirvan, juſt before his death, ſpoke thus to his ſon Hormuz: Be a guardian, my ſon, to the poor and helpleſs; and be not confined in the chains of thy own indolence. No one can be at eaſe in thy dominion, while thou ſeekeſt only thy private reſt, and ſayeſt, It is enough. A wiſe man will not approve the ſhepherd, who ſleeps while the wolf is in the fold. Go, my ſon, protect thy weak and indigent people; ſince through them is a king raiſed to the diadem. The people are the root, and the king is the tree, that grows from it; and the tree, O my ſon, derives its ſtrength from the root.*

Are theſe mean ſentiments, delivered in pompous language? Are they not rather worthy of our moſt ſpirited writers? And do they not convey a fine leſſon for a young king? Yet *Sadi's* poems are highly eſteemed at *Conſtantinople*, and at *Iſpahan*; though, a century or two ago, they would have been ſuppreſſed in *Europe*, for ſpreading, with two ſtrong a glare, the light of liberty and reaſon.

As to the great Epick poem of *Ferduſi*, which was compoſed in the tenth century, it would require a very long treatiſe to explain all its beauties with a minute exactneſs. The whole collection of that poet's works is called *Shahnáma*, and contains the hiſtory of *Perſia*, from the earlieſt times to the invaſion of the *Arabs*, in a ſeries of very noble poems; the longeſt and moſt regular of which is an heroic poem of one great and intereſting action, namely, *the delivery of Perſia by Cyrus*, from the oppreſſions of *Afraſiab*, king of the *Tranſoxan Tartary*, who, being aſſiſted by the emperours of *India* and *China*, gether with all the dæmons, giants, and enchanters of *ſia*, had carried his conqueſts very far, and become ceedingly formidable to the *Perſians*. This poem is onger than the *Iliad*; the characters in it are various nd ſtriking; the figures bold and animated; and the iction every where ſonorous, yet noble; poliſhed, yet ull of fire. A great profuſion of learning has been hrown away by ſome criticks, in comparing *Homer* with the heroick poets, who have ſucceeded him; but it requires very little judgment to ſee, that no ſucceeding poet whatever can with any propriety be compared with *Homer*: that great father of the *Grecian* poetry and literature, had a genius too fruitful and comprehenſive to let any of the ſtriking parts of nature eſcape his obſervation; and the poets, who have followed him, have done little more than tranſcribe his images, and give a new dreſs to his thoughts. Whatever elegance and refinements, therefore, may have been introduced int the works of the moderns, the ſpirit and invention o *Homer* have ever continued without a rival: for whic reaſon I am far from pretending to aſſert that the poet o *Perſia* is equal to that of *Greece*; but there is certainly a very great reſemblance between the works of thoſe extraordinary men: both drew their images from nature herſelf, without catching them only by reflection, and painting, in the manner of the modern poets, *the likeneſs of a likeneſs*; and both poſſeſſed, in an eminent degree, *that rich and creative invention, which is the very ſoul o poetry.*

As the *Perſians* borrowed their poetical meaſures, an the forms of their poems from the *Arabians*; ſo the *Turk* when they had carried their arms into *Meſopotamia*, an *Aſſyria*, took their numbers, and their taſte for poetr from the *Perſians*.

> *Græcia* capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
> Intulit agreſti *Latio*.

In the ſame manner as the *Greek* compoſitions were the models of all the *Roman* writers, ſo were thoſe of *Perſia* imitated by the *Turks*, who conſiderably poliſhed and enriched their language, naturally barren, by the number of ſimple and compound words, which they adopted from the *Perſian* and *Arabick*. Lady *Wortley Montagu* very

juſtly

ſtly obſerves that *we want thoſe compound words, which* *e very frequent, and ſtrong in* the *Turkiſh language*; but er interpreters led her into a miſtake in explaining one of them, which ſhe tranſlates *ſtag-eyed*, and thinks a *very lively image of the fire and indifference in* *eyes of th* *bride*: now it never entered into t *ek* o compare his miſtreſs's eyes t r to give an image of their *fire an* the *Turks* mean to expreſs that *fullneſs*, an time, that *ſoft and languiſhing luſtre*, whi the eyes of their beautiful women, an ans reſembles the unpleaſing wildneſs The original epithet, I ſuppoſe, was *with the eyes of a young fawn*: now I take he ſame animal with the *Gazál* of the he *Zabi* of the *Hebrews*, to which thei in almoſt every page. I have ſeen one als; it is a kind of antelope, exquiſitely bea h eyes uncommonly black and large. This is ne ſort of roe, to which *Solomon* alludes in this delicate ſimile: *Thy two breaſts are like two young roes, that are twins, which play among the lilies.*

A very polite ſcholar, who has lately tranſlated ſixteen Odes of *Hafez*, with learned illuſtrations, blames the *Turkiſh* poets for copying the *Perſians* too ſervilely: but, ſurely, they are not more blamable than *Horace*, who not only imitated the meaſures and expreſſions of the

Greeks, but even tranſlated, almoſt word for word, t brighteſt paſſages of *Alcæus*, *Anacreon*, and others; h took leſs from *Pindar* than from the reſt, becauſe th wildneſs of his numbers, and the obſcurity of his allu [illegible] were by no means ſuitable to the genius of the *L*[illegible] and this may, perhaps, explain his ode to *J*[illegible] who might have adviſed him to u more of *A*[illegible]er in celebrating the victories o *Auguſtus.* [illegible]e may think of this objection, i is certain [illegible] empire has produced a great number of p[illegible]hom had no ſmall merit in their way: th[illegible]or juſt mentioned aſſured me, that the[illegible]f *Rubi Bagdadi* were very forcible and f[illegible] mentioned the opening of one of them, [illegible] not unlike the manner of *Juvenal.* At t[illegible]f the laſt century, a work was publiſhed a[illegible]*ple*, containing the fineſt verſes of *five hundr*[illegible]*y-nine Turkiſh poets*, which proves at leaſt that they [illegible]ngularly fond of this art, whatever may be our opinion of their ſucceſs in it.

The deſcendants of *Tamerlane* carried into *India* the language and poetry of the *Perſians*; and the *Indian* poets to this day compoſe their verſes in imitation of them. The beſt of their works, that have paſſed through my hands, are thoſe of *Hazin*, who lived ſome years ago at *Benâres*, with a great reputation for his parts and learning, and was known to the *Engliſh*, who reſided there, by the name of *the Philoſopher*. His poems are elegant and lively, and one of them, *on the departure of his friends*, would ſuit our language admirably well, but is too long to be inſerted in this eſſay. The *Indians* are ſoft and voluptuous, but artful and inſincere, at leaſt to the *Europeans*, whom, to ſay the truth, they have had no great reaſon of late years to admire for the oppoſite virtues: but they are fond of poetry, which they learned from the *Perſians*, and may, perhaps, before the cloſe of the century, be as fond of a more formidable art, which they will learn from the *Engliſh*.

I muſt once more requeſt, that, in beſtowing theſe praiſes on the writings of *Aſia*, I may not be thought to derogate from the merit of the *Greek* and *Latin* poems, which have juſtly been admired in every age; yet I cannot but think that our *European* poetry has ſubſiſted too long on the perpetual repetition of the ſame images, and inceſſant alluſions to the ſame fables: and it has been my endeavour for ſeveral years to inculcate this truth, *That, if the principal writings of the Aſiaticks, which are depoſited in our publick libraries, were printed with the uſual advantage of notes and illuſtrations, and if the languages of the Eaſtern nations were ſtudied in our places of education, where every other branch of uſeful knowledge is taught to perfection, a new and ample field would be open for ſpeculation; we ſhould have a more extenſive inſight into the hiſtory* *of the human mind, we ſhould be furniſhed with a new ſet of images and ſimilitudes, and a number of excellent comp[illegible]ons would be brought to light, which future ſcholars might [illegible]plain, and future poets might imitate.*

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ESSAY II.

On the Arts, commonly called Imitative.

IT is the fate of thoſe maxims, which have been thrown out by very eminent writers, to be received implicitly by moſt of their followers, and to be repeated a thouſand times, for no other reaſon, than becauſe they once dropped from the pen of a ſuperiour genius: one of theſe is the aſſertion of *Ariſtotle*, that *all poetry conſiſts in imitation*, which has been ſo frequently echoed from author to author, that it would ſeem a kind of arrogance to controvert it; for almoſt all the philoſophers and criticks, who have written upon the ſubject of *poetry, muſick*, and *painting*, how little ſoever they may agree in ſome points, ſeem of one mind in conſidering them as arts merely *imitative*: yet it muſt be clear to any one, who examines what paſſes in his own mind, that he is affected by the fineſt *poems*, *pieces of muſick*, and *pictures*, upon a principle, which, whatever it be, is entirely diſtinct from *imitation*. *M. le Batteux* has attempted to prove that all the fine arts have a relation to this common principle of *imitating*: but, whatever be ſaid of *painting*, it is probable, that *poetry* and *muſick* had a nobler origin; and, if the firſt language of man was not both *poetical* and *muſical*, it is certain, at leaſt, that in countries, where no kind of *imitation* ſeems to be much admired, there are *poets* and *muſicians* both by nature and by art: as in ſome *Mahometan* nations; where *ſculpture* and *painting* are forbidden by the laws, where *dramatick poetry* of every ſort is wholly unknown, yet, where the pleaſing arts, *of expreſſing the paſſions in verſe, and of enforcing that expreſſion by melody*, are cultivated to a degree of enthuſiaſm. It ſhall be my endeavour in this paper to prove, that, though *poetry* and *muſick* have, certainly, a power of *imitating* the manners of men, and ſeveral objects in nature, yet, that their greateſt effect is not produced by *imitation*, but by a very different principle; which muſt be ſought for in the deepeſt receſſes of the human mind.

To ſtate the queſtion properly, we muſt have a clear notion of what we mean by *poetry and muſick*; but we cannot give a preciſe definition of them, till we have made a few previous remarks on their origin, their relation to each other, and their difference.

It ſeems probable then that *poetry* was originally no more than a ſtrong, and animated expreſſion of the human paſſions, of *joy* and *grief*, *love* and *hate*, *admiration* and *anger*, ſometimes pure and unmixed, ſometimes variouſly modified and combined: for, if we obſerve the *voice* and *accents* of a perſon affected by any of the violent paſſions, we ſhall perceive ſomething in them very nearly approaching to *cadence* and *meaſure*; which is remarkably the caſe in the language of a vehement *Orator*, whoſe talent is chiefly converſant about *praiſe* or *cenſure*; and we may collect from ſeveral paſſages in *Tully*, that the fine ſpeakers of old *Greece* and *Rome* had a ſort of rhythm in their ſentences, leſs regular, but not leſs melodious, than that of the poets.

If this idea be juſt, one would ſuppoſe that the moſt ancient ſort of poetry conſiſted in *praiſing the Deity*; for if we conceive a being, created with all his faculties and ſenſes, endued with ſpeech and reaſon, to open his eyes in a moſt delightful plain, to view for the firſt time the ſerenity of the ſky, the ſplendour of the ſun, the verdure of the fields and woods, the glowing colours of the flowers, we can hardly believe it poſſible, that he ſhould refrain from burſting into an extaſy of *joy*, and pouring his praiſes to the creator of thoſe wonders, and the author of his happineſs. This *kind of poetry* is uſed in all nations; but as it is the ſublimeſt of all, when it is applied to its true object, ſo it has often been perverted to impious purpoſes by pagans and idolaters: every one knows that the *dramatick poetry* of the *Europeans* took its riſe from the ſame ſpring, and was no more at firſt than a ſong in praiſe of *Bacchus*; ſo that the only ſpecies of poetical compoſition, (if we except the Epick) which can in any ſenſe be called *imitation*, was deduced from a natural emotion of the mind, in which *imitation* could not be at all concerned.

The next ſource of poetry was, probably, *love*, or the mutual inclination, which naturally ſubſiſts between the ſexes, and is founded upon perſonal *beauty*: hence aroſe the moſt agreeable *odes*, and love-ſongs, which we admire in the works of the ancient lyrick poets, not filled, like our *ſonnets* and *madrigals*, with the inſipid babble of *darts*, and *Cupids*, but ſimple, tender, natural; and conſiſting of ſuch unaffected endearments, and mild complaints,

* Teneri ſdegni, e placide e tranquille
Repulſe, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,

as we may ſuppoſe to have paſſed between the firſt lovers in a ſtate of innocence, before the refinements of ſociety, and the reſtraints, which they introduced, had made the paſſion of *love* ſo fierce, and impetuous, as it is ſaid to have been in *Dido*, and certainly was in *Sappho*, if we may take her own word for it †.

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* Two lines of *Taſſo*.

† See the ode of *Sappho* quoted by *Longinus*, and tranſlated by *Boileau*.

The *grief*, which the firſt inhabitants of the earth muſt have felt at the death of their deareſt friends, and relations, gave riſe to another ſpecies of poetry, which originally, perhaps, conſiſted of ſhort *dirges*, and was afterwards lengthened into *elegies*.

As ſoon as vice began to prevail in the world, it was natural for the wiſe and virtuous to expreſs their *deteſtation* of it in the ſtrongeſt manner, and to ſhow their *reſentment* againſt the corrupters of mankind: hence *moral poetry* was derived, which, at firſt, we find, was ſevere and paſſionate; but was gradually melted down into cool precepts of morality, or exhortations to virtue: we may reaſonably conjecture that *Epick poetry* had the ſame origin, and that the examples of heroes and kings were introduced, to illuſtrate ſome moral truth, by ſhowing the lovelineſs and advantages of virtue, or the many misfortunes that flow from vice.

Where there is vice, which is *deteſtable* in itſelf, there muſt be *hate*, ſince *the ſtrongeſt antipathy in nature*, as *Mr. Pope* aſſerted in his writings, and proved by his whole life, *ſubſiſts between the good and the bad:* now this paſſion was the ſource of that poetry, which we call *Satire*, very improperly, and corruptly, ſince the *Satira* of the *Romans* was no more than a moral piece, which they entitled *Satura* or *Satyra*,* intimating, that the poem, like *a diſh of fruit and corn offered to Ceres*, contained a variety and plenty of fancies and figures; whereas the true *invectives* of the ancients were called *Iambi*, of which we have ſeveral examples in *Catullus*, and in the *Epodes* of *Horace*, who imitated the very meaſures and manner of *Archilochus*.

Theſe are the principal ſources of *poetry*; and of *muſick* alſo, as it ſhall be my endeavour to ſhow: but it is firſt neceſſary to ſay a few words on *the nature of ſound*; a very copious ſubject, which would require a long diſſertation to be accurately diſcuſſed. Without entering into a diſcourſe on the *vibrations of chords*, or *the undulations of the air*, it will be ſufficient for our purpoſe to obſerve that there is a great difference between *a common ſound*, and *a muſical ſound*, which conſiſts chiefly in this, that the former is ſimple and entire in itſelf like a *point*, while the latter is always accompanied with other ſounds, without ceaſing to be *one*; like a *circle*, which is an entire figure, though it is generated by a multitude of points flowing, at equal diſtances, round a common centre. Theſe acceſſory ſounds, which are cauſed by the aliquots of a ſonorous body vibrating at once, are called *Harmonicks*, and the whole ſyſtem of modern *Harmony* depends upon them; though it were eaſy to prove that the ſyſtem is unnatural, and only made tolerable to the ear by habit: for whenever we ſtrike the perfect accord on a harpſichord or an organ, the harmonicks of the third and fifth have alſo their own harmonicks, which are diſſonant from the principal note: Theſe horrid diſſonances are, indeed, almoſt overpowered by the *natural harmonicks* of the principal chord, but that does not prove them agreeable. Since nature has given us a delightful harmony of her own, why ſhould we deſtroy it by the additions of art? It is like thinking

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* Some Latin words were ſpelled either with an *u* or a *y*, as *Sulla* or *Sylla*.

—— to paint the lily,
And add a perfume to the violet.

[illegible] let us conceive that ſome vehement paſſion is ex-[illegible] in ſtrong words, exactly meaſured, and pronoun-[illegible] *in a common voice*, in juſt cadence, and with proper cents, ſuch an expreſſion of the paſſion will be *genuine poetry*; and the famous ode of *Sappho* is allowed to be ſo in the ſtricteſt ſenſe: but if the ſame ode, with all its natural accents, were expreſſed in a *muſical voice*, (that is, [illegible]nds accompanied with their *Harmonicks*) if it were [illegible] n due time and meaſure, in a ſimple and pleaſing ton[illegible] that added force to the words without ſtifling them, it would then be *pure and original muſick*; not merely ſoothing to the ear, but affecting to the heart; not an *imitation* of nature, but the voice of nature herſelf. But there is another point in which *muſick* muſt reſemble *poetry*, or it will loſe a conſiderable part of its effect: we all muſt have obſerved, that a ſpeaker, agitated with paſſion, or an actor, who is, indeed, ſtrictly an *imitator*, are perpetually changing the tone and pitch of their voice, as the ſenſe of their words varies; it may be worth while to examine how this variation is expreſſed in *muſick*. Every body knows that the muſical ſcale conſiſts of ſeven notes, above which we find a ſucceſſion of ſimilar ſounds repeated in the ſame order, and above that, other ſucceſſions, as far as they can be continued by the human voice, or diſtinguiſhed by the human ear; now each of theſe ſeven ſounds has no more meaning, when it is heard ſeparately, than a ſingle letter of the alphabet would have; and it is only by their ſucceſſion, and their relation to one principal ſound, that they any rank in the ſcale; or differ from each other, as they are *graver*, or more *acute*: but in the re ſcale each interval aſſumes a proper character, and e note ſtands related to the firſt or principal one by various proportions. Now *a ſeries of ſounds relating to one lead ing note* is called a *mode*, or a *tone*, and, as there are twelve ſemitones in the ſcale, each of which may be made in its turn the leader of a mode, it follows that there are twelve modes; and each of them has a peculiar character, ariſing from the poſition of the *modal* note, and from ſome minute difference in the ratio's of 81 to 80, or a comma; for there are ſome inter which cannot eaſily be rendered on our inſtruments, yet have a ſurprizing effect in *modulation*, or in the tranſitions from one mode to another.

mode, and adapts it admirably to ſubjects of *grief* and *affliction:* the minor mode of D is tender, that of C, with three flats, plaintive, and that of F, with four, pathetick and mournful to the higheſt degree, for which reaſon it was choſen by the excellent *Pergoleſi* in his *Stabat Mater.* Now theſe twenty-four modes, artfully interwoven, and changed as often as the ſentiment changes, may, it is evident, expreſs all the variations in the voice of a ſpeaker, and give an additional beauty to the accents of a poet. Conſiſtently with the foregoing principles, we may define *original and native poetry* to be *the language of the violent paſſions, expreſſed in exact meaſure, with ſtrong accents and ſignificant words*

muſick to be no more than *poetry, delivered in a f*

harmonious ſounds, ſo diſpoſed as to pleaſe the ear.

this view only that we muſt conſider the muſick

ancient *Greeks,* or attempt to account for its an

effects, which we find related by the graveſt hiſto

and philoſophers; it was wholly paſſionate or deſcriptive, and ſo cloſely united to poetry, that it never obſtructed, but always increaſed its influence; whereas our boaſted harmony, with all its fine accords, and numerous parts, paints nothing, expreſſes nothing, ſays nothing to the heart, and conſequently can only give more or leſs pleaſure to one of our ſenſes; and no reaſonable man will ſeriouſly prefer a tranſitory pleaſure, which muſt ſoon end in ſatiety, or even in diſguſt, to a delight of the ſoul, ariſing from ſympathy, and founded on the natural paſſions, always lively, always intereſting, always tranſport, The *modes* of the ancients are ſaid to have had a wonderful effect over the mind; and *Plato*, who permits the *Dorian* in his imaginary republick, on account of its calmneſs and gravity, excludes the *Lydian*, becauſe of its languid, tender, and effeminate character: not that any ſeries of mere ſounds has a power of raiſing or ſoothing the paſſions, but each of theſe modes was appropriated to a particular kind of poetry, and a particular inſtrument; and the chief of them, as the *Dorian*, *Phrygian*, *Lydian*, *Ionian*, *Eolian*, *Locrian*, belonging originally to the nations, from which they took their names: thus *an mode*, which was ardent and impetuous, was companied with trumpets, and the *Mixolydian*, we believe *Ariſtoxenus*, was invented by *Sappho*, bably confined to the pathetick and tragick ſtyle: neſe modes had a relation to *poetry*, as well as to k, appears from a fragment of *Laſus*, in which he ſays, *I ſing of Ceres, and her daughter Melibœa, the conſort of Pluto, in the Eolian mode, full of gravity*; and *Pindar* calls one of his *Odes* an *Eolian ſong*. If the *Greeks* ſurpaſſed us in the ſtrength of their modulations, we have an advantage over them in our *minor ſcale*, which ſupplies us with twelve new modes, where the two ſemitones are removed from their natural poſition between the third and fourth, the ſeventh and eighth notes, and placed between the ſecond and third, the fifth and ſixth; this change of the ſemitones, by giving a minor third to the *modal* note, ſoftens the general expreſſion of the tranſporting. The old diviſions of muſick into *celeſtial* and *earthly*, *divine* and *human*, *active* and *contemplative*, *intellective* and *oratorial*, were founded rather upon metaphors, and chimerical analogies, than upon any real diſtinctions in nature; but the want of making a diſtinction between *muſick of mere ſounds*, and the *muſick of the paſſions*, has been the perpetual ſource of confuſion and contradictions both among the ancients and the moderns: nothing can be more oppoſite in many points than the ſyſtems of *Rameau* and *Tartini*, one of whom aſſerts that melody ſprings from harmony, and the other deduces harmony from melody; and both are in the right, if the firſt ſpeaks only of that muſick, which took its riſe from *the multiplicity of ſounds heard at once in the ſonorous body*, and the ſecond, of that, which roſe from *the accents and inflexions of the human voice, animated by the paſſions*: to decide, as *Rouſſeau* ſays, whether of theſe two ſchools ought to have the preference, we need only aſk a plain queſtion, Was the voice made for the inſtruments, or the inſtruments for the voice?

In defining what true poetry *ought to be*, according to our principles, we have deſcribed what it really *was* among the *Hebrews*, the *Greeks* and *Romans*, the *Arabs* and *Perſians*. The lamentation of *David*, and his ſacred odes, or pſalms, the ſong of *Solomon*, the prophecies of *Iſaiah*, *Jeremiah*, and the other inſpired writers, are truly and ſtrictly poetical; but what did *David* or *Solomon* imitate in their divine poems? A man, who is *really*

joyful or afflicted, cannot be ſaid to *imitate* joy or affliction. The lyrick verſes of *Alcæus*, *Alcman*, and *Ibycus*, the hymns of *Callimachus*, the elegy of *Moſchus* on the death of *Bion*, are all beautiful pieces of poetry; yet *Alcæus* was no *imitator* of love, *Callimachus* was no *imitator* of religious awe and admiration, *Moſchus* was no *imitator* of grief at the loſs of an amiable friend. *Ariſtotle* himſelf wrote a very poetical elegy on the death of a man, whom he had loved; but it would be difficult to ſay what he imitated in it: "*O virtue, who propoſeſt*
"*many labours to the human race, and art ſtill the alluring*
"*object of our life; for thy charms, O beautiful goddeſs, it*
"*was always an envied happineſs in Greece even to die, and*
"*to ſuffer the moſt painful, the moſt afflicting evils: ſuch are*
"*the immortal fruits, which thou raiſeſt in our minds;*
"*fruits, more precious than gold, more ſweet than the love*
"*of parents, and ſoft repoſe: for thee Hercules the ſon of*
"*Jove, and the twins of Leda, ſuſtained many labours, and*
"*by their illuſtrious actions ſought thy favour; for love of*
"*thee, Achilles and Ajax deſcended to the manſion of Pluto;*
"*and, through a zeal for thy charms, the prince of Atarnea*
"*alſo was deprived of the ſun's light: therefore ſhall the*
"*muſes, daughters of memory, render him immortal for his*
"*glorious deeds, whenever they ſing the god of hoſpitality, and*
"*the honours due to a laſting friendſhip.*"

In the preceding collection of poems, there are ſome *Eaſtern* fables, ſome *odes*, a *panegyrick*, and an *elegy*; yet it does not appear to me, that there is the leaſt *imitation* repreſent ſome *paſſion*, as the martyrdom of *St. Agnes* by *Domenichino*, and the various repreſentations of the *Crucifixion* by the fineſt maſters of *Italy*; and there can be no doubt, but that the famous *ſacrifice of Iphigenia* by *Timanthes* was affecting to the higheſt degree; which proves, not that painting cannot be ſaid to *imitate*, but that its moſt powerful influence over the mind ariſes, like that of the other arts, from *ſympathy*.

It is aſſerted alſo that *deſcriptive* poetry, and *deſcriptive* muſick, as they are called, are ſtrict *imitations*; but, not to inſiſt that mere *deſcription* is the meaneſt part of both arts, if indeed it belongs to them at all, it is clear, that words and ſounds have no kind of reſemblance to viſible bjects: and what is an imitation, but a reſemblance of me other thing? Beſides, no unprejudiced hearer will y that he finds the ſmalleſt traces of imitation in the merous *fugues*, *counterfugues*, and *diviſions*, which raer diſgrace than adorn the modern muſick: even ſounds hemſelves are imperfectly imitated by harmony, and, if we ſometimes hear *the murmuring of a brook*, or *the chirping of birds* in a concert, we are generally appriſed before-hand of the *paſſages*, where we may expect them. Some eminent muſicians, indeed, have been abſurd enough to think of imitating laughter and other noiſes, but, if they had ſucceeded, they could not have made amends for their want of taſte in attempting it; for ſuch ridiculous imitations muſt neceſſarily deſtroy the ſpirit and dignity of the fineſt poems, which they ought to in either of them: *Petrarch* was, certainly, too deeply affected with real *grief*, and the *Perſian* poet was too ſincere a lover, to *imitate* the paſſions of others. As to the reſt, a fable in verſe is no more an *imitation* than a fable in proſe; and if every poetical narrative, which deſcribes the manners, and relates the adventures of men, be called *imitative*, every romance, and even every hiſtory, muſt be called ſo likewiſe; ſince many poems are only *romances*, or parts of *hiſtory*, told in a regular meaſure.

What has been ſaid of *poetry*, may with equal force be applied to *muſick*, which is *poetry*, dreſſed to advantage; and even to *painting*, many ſorts of which ar poems to the eye, as all *poems*, merely deſcriptive, a pictures to the ear: and this way of conſidering the will ſet the refinements of modern artiſts in their tru light; for the *paſſions*, which were given by natu never ſpoke in an unnatural form, and no man, tru affected with *love* or *grief*, ever expreſſed the one in a *acroſtick*, or the other in a *fugue*: theſe *remains*, there fore, of the falſe taſte, which prevailed in the dark ages, ſhould be baniſhed from this, which is enlightened with a juſt one.

It is true, that ſome kinds of painting are ſtrictly *imitative*, as that which is ſolely intended to repreſent the human figure and countenance; but it will be found, that thoſe pictures have always the greateſt effect, which

repreſent

not eaſily expreſs: he will not make a number of uſeleſs repetitions, becauſe the *paſſions* only repeat the ſame expreſſions, and dwell upon the ſame ſentiments, while *deſcription* can only repreſent a ſingle object by a ſingle ſentence. The painter will deſcribe all viſible objects more exactly than his rivals, but he will fall ſhort of the other artiſts in a very material circumſtance; namely, that his pencil, which may, indeed, expreſs a ſimple paſſion, cannot paint a thought, or draw the ſhades of ſentiment: he will, however, finiſh his landſcape with grace and elegance; his colours will be rich, and glowing; his perſpective ſtriking; and his figures will be diſpoſed with an agreeable variety, but not with confuſion: above all, he will diffuſe over his whole piece ſuch a ſpirit of liveliness and feſtivity, that the beholder ſhall be ſeized with a kind of rapturous delight, and, for a moment, miſtake art for nature.

Thus will each artiſt gain his end, not b[illegible]*tating* the works of nature, but by aſſuming [illegible]ower, and cauſing the ſame effect upon the imagination, which her charms produce to the fancy: this muſt be the chief object of a poet, a muſician, and a painter, who know that *great effects are not produced by minute details, but by the general ſpirit of the whole piece, and that a gaudy compoſition may ſtrike the mind for a ſhort time, but that the beauties of ſimplicity are both more delightful, and more permanent.*

illuſtrate by a graceful and natural melody. It ſeems to me, that, as thoſe parts of *poetry*, *muſick*, and *painting*, which relate to the paſſions, affect by *ſympathy*, ſo thoſe, which are merely deſcriptive, act by a kind of *ſubſtitution*, that is, by raiſing in our minds, affections, or ſentiments, analogous to thoſe, which ariſe in us, when the reſpective objects in nature are preſented to our ſenſes. Let us ſuppoſe that a poet, a muſician, and a painter, are ſtriving to give their friend, or patron, a pleaſure ſimilar to that, which he feels at the ſight of a beautiful proſpect. The firſt will form an agreeable aſſemblage of lively images, which he will expreſs in ſmooth and elegant verſes of a ſprightly meaſure; he will deſcribe the moſt delightful objects, and will add to the graces of his deſcription a certain delicacy of ſentiment, and a ſpirit of chearfulneſs. The muſician, who undertakes to ſet the words of the poet, will ſelect ſome *mode*, which, on his violin, has the character of mirth and gaiety, as the Eolian, or *E flat*, which he will change as the ſentiment is varied: he will expreſs the words in a ſimple and agreeable melody, which will not diſguiſe, but embelliſh them, without aiming at any fugue, or figured harmony: he will uſe the baſs, to mark the modulation more ſtrongly, eſpecially in the changes; and he will place the *tenour* generally in uniſon with the baſs, to prevent too great a diſtance between the parts: in the ſymphony he will, above all things, avoid a *double melody*, and will apply his variations only to ſome acceſſory ideas, which the principal part, that is, the voice, could not

* As the *paſſions* are differently modified in different men; and as even the various objects in nature affect our minds in various degrees, it is obvious, that there muſt be, a great diverſity in the pleaſure, which we receive from the fine arts, whether that pleaſure ariſes from *ſympathy*, or *ſubſtitution*; and that it were a wild notion in artiſts to think of pleaſing every reader, hearer, or beholder; ſince every man has a particular ſet of objects, and a particular inclination, which direct him in the choice of his pleaſures, and induce him to conſider the productions, both of nature and of art, as more or leſs elegant, in proportion as they give him a greater or ſmaller degree of delight: this does not at all contradict the opinion of many able writers, that *there is one uniform ſtandard of taſte*; ſince the *paſſions*, and, conſequently, *ſympathy*, are generally the ſame in all men, till they are weakened by age, infirmity, or other cauſes.

If the arguments, uſed in this eſſay, have any weight, it will appear, that the fineſt parts of poetry, muſick, and painting, are expreſſive of the *paſſions*, and operate on our minds by *ſympathy*; that the inferior parts of them are *deſcriptive* of natural *objects*, and affect us chiefly by *ſubſtitution*; that the expreſſions of *love*, *pity*, *deſire*, and the *tender paſſions*, as well as the *deſcriptions* of objects that delight the ſenſes, produce in the arts what we call the *beautiful*; but that *hate*, *anger*, *fear*, and the *terrible* paſſions, as well as objects, which are *unpleaſing* to the ſenſes, are productive of the *ſublime*, when they are aptly expreſſed, or deſcribed.

These ſubjects might be purſued to infinity; but, if they were amply diſcuſſed, it would be neceſſary to write a ſeries of diſſertations, inſtead of an eſſay.

THE END.

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